

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING & DRAMATIC NEWS



No. 289.—VOL. XI.

[REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION ABROAD.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1879.

PRICE SIXPENCE.
By Post 6½d



MISS MARY RORKE, OF THE CRITERION THEATRE.

RAILWAYS.

LEWES RACES, August 8th and 9th.—A SPECIAL TRAIN, at Ordinary Fares, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class, will leave VICTORIA at 7.25 a.m., Clapham Junction 7.30 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 7.30 a.m., New Cross 7.35 a.m., Croydon (East) 7.55 a.m., Redhill Junction 8.15 a.m.

A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN, at Ordinary Fares, 1st and 2nd Class only, will leave VICTORIA 10.0 a.m., LONDON BRIDGE 10.5 a.m., Croydon (East) 10.25 a.m.

A SPECIAL EXPRESS TRAIN, 1st Class only (15s. Return Tickets) will leave VICTORIA 10.30 a.m. Clapham Junction 10.35 a.m. LONDON BRIDGE 10.25 a.m. Croydon (East) 10.45 a.m.

SPECIAL TRAINS AT ORDINARY FARES, return from Lewes, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class, from 5.15 to 6.50 p.m.

FREQUENT EXTRA TRAINS, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class, between Brighton and Lewes.

CHEAP RETURN TICKETS will be issued from Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, and intermediate Stations.

(By Order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

EGHAM RACES on TUESDAY, 12th, and WEDNESDAY, 13th AUGUST.

Special Trains from Waterloo, Vauxhall, Clapham Junction, Kensington, West Brompton, and Chelsea Stations, to EGHAM, during the forenoon of the above days, commencing at 10.40 a.m. (from Kensington at 10.15, West Brompton 10.18 a.m., Chelsea 10.20 a.m.) until 12.45 p.m., returning from Egham to Waterloo after the Races.

Fares to EGHAM and Back—First class, 5s. 6d.; Second class, 4s.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

WINDSOR RACES, August 14th and 15th.

Ordinary Trains run from London to Windsor as follows, and return at frequent intervals, daily:—

Leave PADDINGTON at 8.15, 9.10, 10.0, 10.30, 10.40, and 11.0 a.m., and 12.20, 1.5, 1.15, 1.20, and 1.50 p.m.

Leave VICTORIA (L. C. & D.) at 10.0 and 11.42 a.m. and 1.48 p.m., calling at all stations on West London Line.

On each day of the meeting SPECIAL FAST TRAINS (1st and 2nd Class) will leave PADDINGTON for WINDSOR at 12.10 and 12.35 p.m., returning after the Races.

Fares from Paddington to Windsor and back, 1st Class, 5s. 6d.; 2nd Class, 4s. 3d.; 3rd Class, 3s. 6d.

For further particulars see special bills.

J. GRIERSON, General Manager.

CHEAP EXCURSION TO CANTERBURY, RAMSGATE, and MARGATE and back, August 13th.

SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY.

Leaving Charing Cross at 7 a.m., calling at Waterloo, Cannon-street, London Bridge, New Cross, and Chislehurst.

Fare, Third Class, 5s. Children under Twelve, Half Fares.

BRUSSELS, THE FIELD OF WATERLOO, HOLLAND, the RHINE, SWITZERLAND, &c., via Great Eastern Railway.

The Boat Express leaves Liverpool-street station every weekday, at 8 p.m. The Rotterdam Boat leaves Harwich every weekday, at 10 p.m. The Antwerp Boat leaves Harwich every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10 p.m.

A comparison will show this to be the cheapest route.

London for Antwerp or Rotterdam and back £1 4 0

Rotterdam, Utrecht, Cologne, and back, via Brussels and Antwerp £2 13 0

Antwerp, Brussels, Metz, Bale, and back £4 9 3

Other equally cheap tours are arranged to all the principal Continental Cities, some of which include Paris.

The fares from Peterborough, Cambridge, or any Great Eastern station are the same as from London. Passengers from the northern and midland counties thus save the fare between Peterborough or Cambridge and London.

Passengers can break their journey at Harwich, where the company's hotel will be found replete with every comfort.

West-end office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly. Information and time tables free by addressing the Continental Office, Liverpool-street station, London, E.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—

TWO MONTHS and FORTNIGHTLY RETURN TICKETS are now issued to YARMOUTH, Lowestoft, Cromer, Aldeburgh, Harwich, Dovercourt, Walton-on-the-Naze, and Hunstanton.

SATURDAY TO MONDAY AT THE SEASIDE.

Every Saturday, first, second, and third class Return Tickets at Reduced Fares are issued by all trains from London to Hunstanton, Cromer, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Walton-on-the-Naze, Dovercourt, Harwich, or Aldeburgh, available for return by any of the advertised trains on any day up to and including the Wednesday following the day of issue.

A Special Excursion Train to Walton-on-the-Naze, Dovercourt, and Harwich, will leave the Liverpool-street Station every Sunday at 9.0 a.m., and every Monday (calling at Stratford), at 8.0 a.m. Fares—8s., 6s., 4s.

Broxbourne and Rye House every Sunday at 10.0 a.m., and every Monday and Saturday at 9.30 and 10.2 a.m., 12.45, and 2.45 p.m. Fares—3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d.

Epping Forest.—Excursion Tickets will be issued every Sunday and Monday to Woodford, Buckhurst Hill, and Loughton. Fares—2s., 1s. 6d., 1s. To Chingford—2s., 1s. 4d., 1s.

For full particulars see handbills and time books.

London, August, 1879. S. SWARBRICK, General Manager.

ROYAL AQUARIUM, WESTMINSTER.

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Universally acknowledged to be a wonderful Shillingsworth.

Always something new.

3.15. VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

7.30. VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL CONCERT.

8.30. SECOND GRAND VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT.

Attractions the Whole Day.

LIGERO, THE PERFORMING BULL, The Feature of the Season.

ADMISSION ONE SHILLING.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS,

Regent's Park, are OPEN Daily (except Sundays), from 9.0 a.m., to Sunset. Admission 1s.; on Monday, 6d.; children always 6d. The Band of the Royal Horse Guards, under the direction of Mr. Charles Godfrey, will, by permission of Lieut.-Colonel Owen L. C. Williams, perform in the Gardens at Four o'clock on every Saturday until the last Saturday in September. Among the latest additions are a Brown Hyena and a Striped Hyena.

THE LATE MR. PHELPS, as "DR. CANTWELL," drawn from life by Matt. Stretch. A few proof copies on plate paper may be had, price One Shilling each, by post 1s. 1d. Apply to the Publisher 248, Strand, London.

MR. STEDMAN'S MUSICAL AGENCY

(Established for the transaction of all Musical Business, Professional and General), 12, BERNERS STREET, LONDON, W.

TO CONCERT-GIVERS AND ENTREPRENEURS GENERALLY.

MR. STEDMAN begs to inform Proprietors of Concerts, Secretaries of Institutions, and Entrepreneurs generally, that he is prepared to arrange for large or small parties of artists of all positions in the profession, and for Concert Tours. All details of management undertaken without the slightest trouble to those favouring Mr. Stedman with their wishes. Terms upon application.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHOIRS.

MR. STEDMAN is prepared to provide CHOIRS and ORCHESTRAS for the performance of Oratorios and Cantatas.

MR. STEDMAN will be happy to advise his clients upon all professional matters, confidential or otherwise, either by letter or personally, by previous appointment, at his Offices, 12, Berners-street, London, W.

CHURCH FESTIVALS.—Mr. STEDMAN is prepared to make engagements with Choirmen and Choristers, and to conduct all necessary arrangements connected with Church Festivals, either in London or the country. Solo Choir Boys can always be supplied at short notice.

THEATRES.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.—

PROMENADE CONCERTS

Under the direction of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti. Musical Director, Mr. Arthur Sullivan. Conductor, Mr. Alfred Cellier.

Every evening at 8. The following artists will appear during the week: Mrs. Osgood, Miss Annie Marriott, and Miss Mary Davies; Madame Patey, Mrs. Orridge, and Madame Antoinette Sterling; Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Barton McGuckin; Mr. King and Mr. Maybrick; Madame Montigny-Remaury, Mr. Howard Reynolds, M. Bouman, and Herr Holman. The orchestra will consist of 85 performers. Leader, Mr. A. Burnett. Grand Selection from Bizet's successful Opera, "Carmen," for full Orchestra and Military Band, arranged expressly for these Concerts by Mr. Alfred Cellier. Monday next, Beethoven's Symphony in C major (No. 1). Wednesday next, Classical night, Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony. Friday next, English night.—Private Boxes, from 10s. 6d. to £4 4s. Dress Circle, 2s. 6d. Stalls, 2s. Promenade, One Shilling. Box-office open daily from 10 to 5.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—

Mr. BARRY SULLIVAN will appear every evening in one of his favourite characters. Messrs. J. Ryder, Howe, C. Harcourt, D. Fisher, Jun., C. Langley, &c. &c.; Mesdames Rose Eytinge, B. Henri, E. Thorne, &c. Box office open from 10 to 5.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD'S Special Season.

Every Evening at 8.30, Victor Hugo's Tragedy, LUCREZIA BORGIA.

Adapted for Miss Genevieve Ward, by Mr. William Young. Messrs. J. H. Barnes, W. Herbert, Forbes Robertson, W. McIntyre, J. Harwood, A. Tapping, A. Andrews, I. Frank, J. Bradley, &c. Miss Roland Phillips, and MISS GENEVIEVE WARD. Preceded at 8, by THAT BLESSED BABY. Messrs. D. Calhaen, F. Tyars, and Mesdames R. Phillips, Dolman. Box Office open from 10 till 5 daily. No fees. Doors open at 7.30, commence 8.0. The Morning Performance of GUY MANNERING, postponed till Saturday, August 16. Acting Manager and Treasurer, J. H. Cobbe.

ADELPHI THEATRE.—Sole Proprietor, Mr. B.

WEBSTER. Sole Lessees and Managers, Messrs. A. and S. GATTI.—Every Evening at 8, THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN. Messrs. Henry Neville, R. Pateman, F. W. Irish, E. J. George, F. Charles, H. Cooper, and Hermann Vezin; Mesdames Lydia Foote, Harriet Coveney, Maria Harris, and Clara Jecks. Preceded by JESSAMY'S COURTSHIP. Doors open at 7, commence at 7.30. Box Office open 10 to 5. No booking fees.

GAIETY THEATRE, STRAND.—

Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

Return of Miss E. Farren, Mr. Terry, Miss Vaughan, and the whole Gaiety Company. Open at 7. Operetta at 7.10. Burnand's BOULOGNE at 7.30. Byron's LITTLE DR. FAUST at 9.30. Close at 11. Prices from 6d. No fees.

CRITERION THEATRE.—

Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHAS. WYNDHAM. BETSY, another genuine Criterion success. Every Evening, at 8.45, a new Comedy, in three acts, adapted from the French of MM. Hennequin and Najac, by F. C. Burnand, Esq., entitled BETSY, in which Messrs. H. Standing, A. Maltby, Lytton Sothorn, George Giddens, and W. J. Hill; Mesdames Lottie Venne, Mary Rorke, A. Edgeworth, Maude Taylor, Fleury, and Mrs. Stephens will appear. New Scenery by Mr. E. Ryan. The Comedy produced under the Direction of Mr. Charles Wyndham. Preceded by, at 8, JILTED, comic drama, in two acts. Doors open at 7.30, commence at 8. Box-office open ten till five daily. Free list totally suspended. Acting Manager and Treasurer, Mr. T. E. Smaile.

FOLLY THEATRE.—Every Evening, at 8.0,

THAT BEAUTIFUL BICEPS; at 8.45, the Comic Drama, in four scenes, entitled THE FIRST NIGHT; and conclude, at 10.0, with the original Burlesque by Savile Clarke and Lewis Clifton, ANOTHER DRINK, being the only unauthorised version of "L'Assommoir." The new and original music composed and arranged by Mr. Edward Solomon. Mme. Dolaro, Mr. G. W. Anson, and powerful cast. Doors open 7.30. Prices 1s. to £3 3s. Lessee and Manager, Mme. Dolaro.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—100th and following

nights of THE GIRLS. Every Evening at 7.30, ONCE AGAIN; 8, an original modern Comedy in three acts, entitled THE GIRLS, by Henry J. Byron. Concluding with A HIGHLAND FLING. Supported by Messrs. William Farren, Thomas Thorne, Garthorne, Bradbury, Austin, L. Fredericks, Hargreaves, and David James; Mesdames Illington, Bishop, Holme, Richards, Larkin, &c. Acting-Manager, Mr. D. McKay.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Manager, Mr. WALTER GOOCH.

Every evening at 7.45, DRINK—a complete success. Mr. Charles Warner as Coupeau in the New Sensational Drama, DRINK, the only authorised version of the French play "L'Assommoir," by Charles Reade.

ROYALTY THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr.

EDGAR BRUCE.—CRUTCH and TOOTHPICK, and VENUS. Great success. Roars of laughter. Crowded houses. The doors will open at 7.30. Performance commence at 8 o'clock precisely with the enormously successful comedy, CRUTCH and TOOTHPICK, by Geo. R. Sims. Followed at 10, by VENUS, by E. Rose and A. Harris. Music by E. Solomon. Mesdames Nelly Bromley, Rose Cullen, Marie Williams, Alma Stanley, Edith Blande, Phoebe Don, Hastings, Emilie Cospey, &c.; Messrs. Edgar Bruce, Charles Groves, Carlton, James, Saker, Solomon, Desmond, &c., and chorus. No booking fees.—Acting-Manager, Mr. Augustus Harris.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.—MISS FANNY JOSEPHS

has much pleasure in announcing that Mr. Frank Mayo will make his first appearance this (Saturday) Evening at 8 o'clock in DAVY CROCKETT: AN IDYL OF THE BACKWOODS. Davy Crockett, Mr. Frank Mayo, as played by him in the United States upwards of 1,700 times. Other characters by Messrs Clifford, Cooper, Luigi, Lablache, Meade, Frank Wood, Hatton, &c.; Mesdames Maria Davis, Emma Ritta, &c., &c. Preceded at 7.30 by an original farce called CUT AND COME AGAIN, by R. Soutar. Doors open at 7; commence at 7.30.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.—PRINCESS

OF TREBIZONDE.—Opera Bouffe, music by Offenbach. Artists: Mesdames Constance Loseby, Emma Chambers, Carrie Braham and Alice May; Messrs. Furneaux Cook, Frank Hill, L. Kelleher, C. Power, Charles Collette. In act third will be introduced "Les Poupées de Cire." Automatic Ballet, invented and arranged by M. Bertrand, original music by G. Jacobi. To conclude with, at 10.30, the celebrated Spectacular Ballet LE CARNAVAL A VENISE. Miles. Cavallazzi, Rosa, Th. de Gillert, and the Corps de Ballet. Commence at 7.30 with a farce Every Evening. Manager, Mr. Charles Morton.

NEW GRECIAN THEATRE.—

Proprietor, Mr. T. G. CLARK.

On Saturday evening, August 9th, and following nights. To commence with a New Drama, by Henry Pettitt, entitled THE BLACK FLAG, or ESCAPED FROM PORTLAND. Splendid new scenery and mechanical effects. Characters by Messrs. James, Sennett, Syns, Dobell, Monkhouse, Parker, Grant, &c.; Mesdames Dora Vivian (specially engaged), Victor, Denzil, Thomas, &c. To conclude with the drama by J. D. Besemers, entitled THE OLD SALT, supported by the powerful company. Dancing on the open platform every evening.

BRITANNIA THEATRE, HOXTON.

Sole Proprietress—Mrs. S. LANE.

Every Evening (Wednesday excepted), at a Quarter to Seven, commence with Mr. Barry Connor's successful Irish drama, CORNEY RHUE; Messrs. J. B. Howe, Newbound, Evans, Drayton, Lewis, Towers, Hyde; Milles, Adams, Summers, Brewer, Rayner. After which, Bryant's Marionettes, Spy and Monti, and Elliott's Miniature Bicycle Troupe. Concluding with THE CIRCLE OF GOLD; Messrs. Reynolds, Charlton, Bigwood, Reeve, Payne, Mills; Milles, Bellair, Pettifer. Wednesday—Benefit of Mr. T. Hyde.

DUKE'S THEATRE, HOLBORN.

Managers.—HOLT and WILMOT.

The 174th night of NEW BABYLON, which will continue its successful run at the Duke's Theatre during the three weeks it is being played at the Standard Theatre. Acting Manager, Mr. R. Fenning.

CANTERBURY.—ARIEL! ARIEL! ARIEL!

A new Grand Mystic and Poetical Ballet entitled ETHEREA, at 10.15, in which ARIEL appears in her wonderful Flying Dance and Magic Flights of 40 feet.

CANTERBURY.—ARIEL! ARIEL! ARIEL!

The Morning Post says: "Grace, ingenuity, and celerity are united in remarkable combination." "This performance is novel, pretty, and unique, and therefore well worth seeing."

CANTERBURY THEATRE OF VARIETIES.—

Under Royal Patronage.—Entire change of VARIETY ENTERTAINMENT, commencing at 8. PAT'S PARADISE at 9. Miss Nelly Power, supported by Miles. Ada, Broughton, Powell, and the Corps de Ballet.—Prices 6d. to £2 2s.

EVANS'S,

COVENT GARDEN.

OPEN AT EIGHT.

Glees, Choruses, Madrigals and Part Songs by EVANS'S CHOIR

Conducted by Mr. F. JONGHMANS.

The body of the Hall is reserved exclusively for Gentlemen.

SUPPERS AFTER THE THEATRES.

ADMISSION 2s.

Proprietor J. B. AMOR.

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NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE,

Bishopsgate.—Proprietors and Managers, Messrs. JOHN and RICHARD DOUGLASS.—Immense success of NEW BABYLON. Monday, August 4, and following evenings. For 12 nights only THE NEW BABYLON, by Paul Merritt, transferred from the Duke's Theatre, with all the Original Artists, scenery, and effects. Mesdames Hill, Hayman, Dudley, Dale; Messrs. J. A. Arnold, Sinclair, Day, Bell, Finch, Vernon, Glenny Gordon, Willis, Herbert, and C. Holt. The Wreck, Tattersall's, Goodwood Races. Conclude with a favourite comedieta.

THE LONDON PAVILION.—Tichborne-street.

Under the Management of Mr. EDWIN VILLIERS.

The SPANISH STUDENTS, every evening.

THE LONDON PAVILION.—Van de Velde

and Levon, Sisters Jonghman, De Voy, Le Clerq and Co., Louis St. Clair, Emmeline Cole, Sidney Franks, Fred. Wilson, Jolly Nash, Arthur Roberts, Clowns of Apolo, Joe Lawrence and Nelly Power in a Menologue Entertainment. THE RHINE AND THE RHINO. Every evening.—Acting Manager, Mr. SAM ADAMS.

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A few very richly trimmed FRENCH SILK COSTUMES.

20 guineas each; cost 40 guineas.

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Guaranteed pure Soluble Cocoa of the Finest Quality, with the excess of fat extracted.

THE FACULTY pronounce it "the most nutritious, perfectly digestible beverage for Breakfast, Luncheon, or Supper, and invaluable for Invalids and Children." Highly commended by the entire Medical Press.

Being without Sugar, Spice, or other admixture, it suits all palates, keeps better in all climates, and is four times the strength of Cocoa thickened yet weakened with Starch, &c., and really cheaper. Made with boiling water, a teaspoonful to a Breakfast Cup, costing less than a halfpenny. In tin packets at 1s. 6d., 3s., 5s. 6d., &c. By Chemists and Grocers.

Cocoatina a la Vanille

Is the most delicate, digestible, cheapest Vanilla Chocolate, and may be taken when richer chocolate is prohibited.

H. SCHWEITZER and Co., 10, Adam-street, Adelphi, W.C.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1879.

CIRCULAR NOTES.

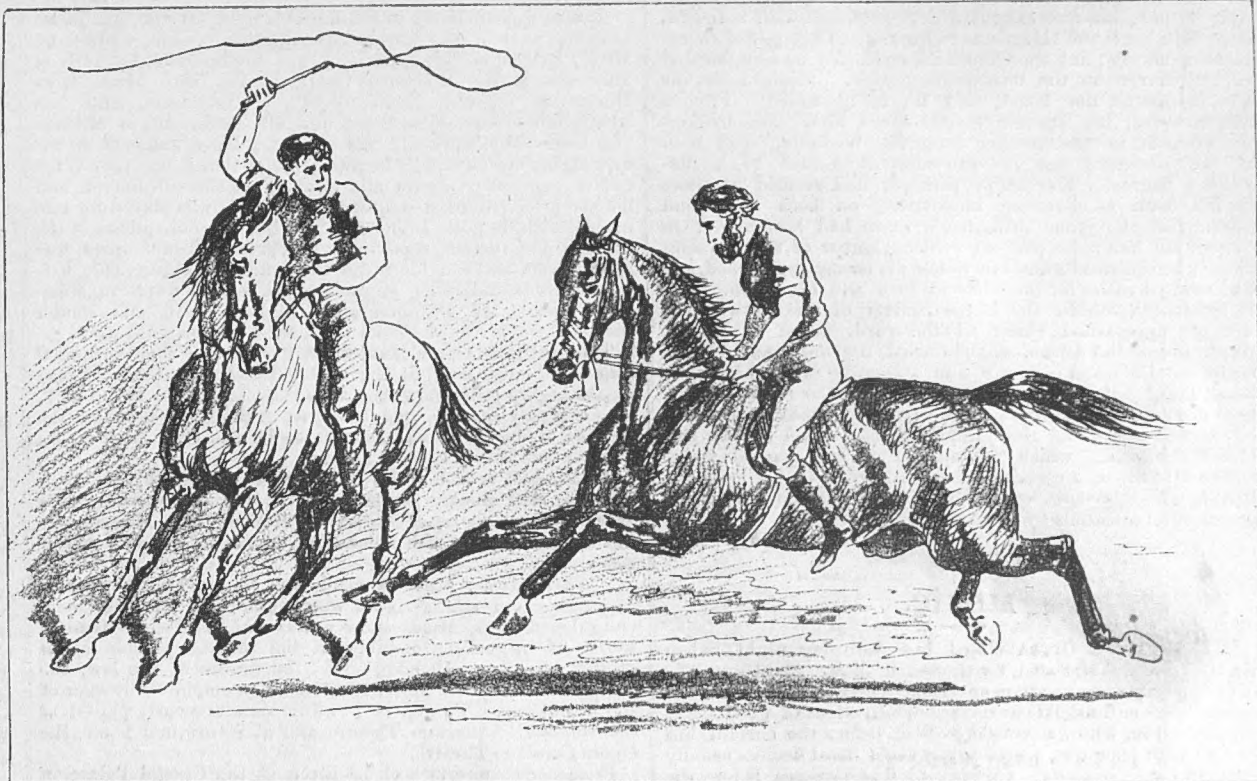
"ATLAS" is exceedingly severe upon me for having an opinion about Mr. Archibald Forbes's heroic deeds and daring rides. The supporter of the world says that I ought to be called "Stiletto," and makes an insinuation about me, in a position I hold apart from this journal, which is as silly as it is incorrect. Few things are more agreeable and interesting to a public writer than to retort in such cases as these; but such discussions can hardly be equally interesting to readers. "Our governor thinks the public don't mind a straw about them newspaper rows, and has told the Docther not to answer," said Hoolan, of the Day, to Doolan, of the Dawn, one evening when Pendenis and Warrington were at the "Back-Kitchen," and when Messrs. Hoolan and Doolan, after abusing each other wildly in their respective papers, were amicably supping together. "The Docther would have liked a turn, for he says it's such easy writing and requires no reading up of the subject." But the "governor" had said no, and he was wise in his generation. Mr. Forbes writes for "Atlas," and "Atlas" is quite right to back up his

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A SPORTING MATCH IN AUSTRALIA.

I FANCY many visitors to Australia must have noticed with surprise the total neglect of the lasso in that country, so seemingly indispensable an instrument to all handlers of wild stock, whether horses or cattle. The helplessness of a Mexican vaquero without his noosed cord would be painful, whereas with it in his hand he is quickly master of the most recalcitrant or runaway animal. That the want of such a thing is felt in Australia is undeniable. A young calf that bolts away gives half an hour's trouble and gallop to get it in, and a bullock needs often much dodging and whipping to bring him to a sense of his duties. In fact, any animal out in the open can only be caught by being run down or run into a yard, where, again, a clumsy apparatus of noosed cord at the end of a long pole has to be brought into requisition. For myself I have often anathematised the Australian neglect of so useful a science as lassoing when some cunning old stager has kept me trotting after him for half an hour in a yard, bridle in hand. In Mexico the moral effect alone of the system is admirable, for horses have so good a knowledge of the certainty of the noose that, even if minus your lasso, shaking any bit of rope will steady them. I came to this conclusion, however, on the question, that useful as that article may be, it is not suitable to the genius of either British men or horses. In the first place, your English horse is essentially a galloper; he covers plenty of ground—in fact, his hind legs are not enough under him to let him twist and turn, and stop short, above all, as he ought to for lasso work; and in the next place your Englishman does not care to use the heavy curb, without which many horses can never be made quite handy. The snaffle with a single rein is the bridle universally employed in the Colonies, and personally for myself I may say on that subject that if I could not ride a horse without a curb I would sooner not ride him at all. Consequently the Australians, lacking some instrument of offence, have invented one consisting of the 15 inches of wood and 100 inches of plaited raw hide that constitutes a stock-whip. This, although perhaps not so handy in all respects as the lasso, is still a thing of considerable power for good and evil in practised hands. Apart from the noise it can make, which has its uses at times, it will inflict a blow of such severity as to draw blood through the thickest bullock-hide. A runaway ox or cow has a bad time of it when a young colonial with one of these in his hands, and on a practised horse, gets alongside. A

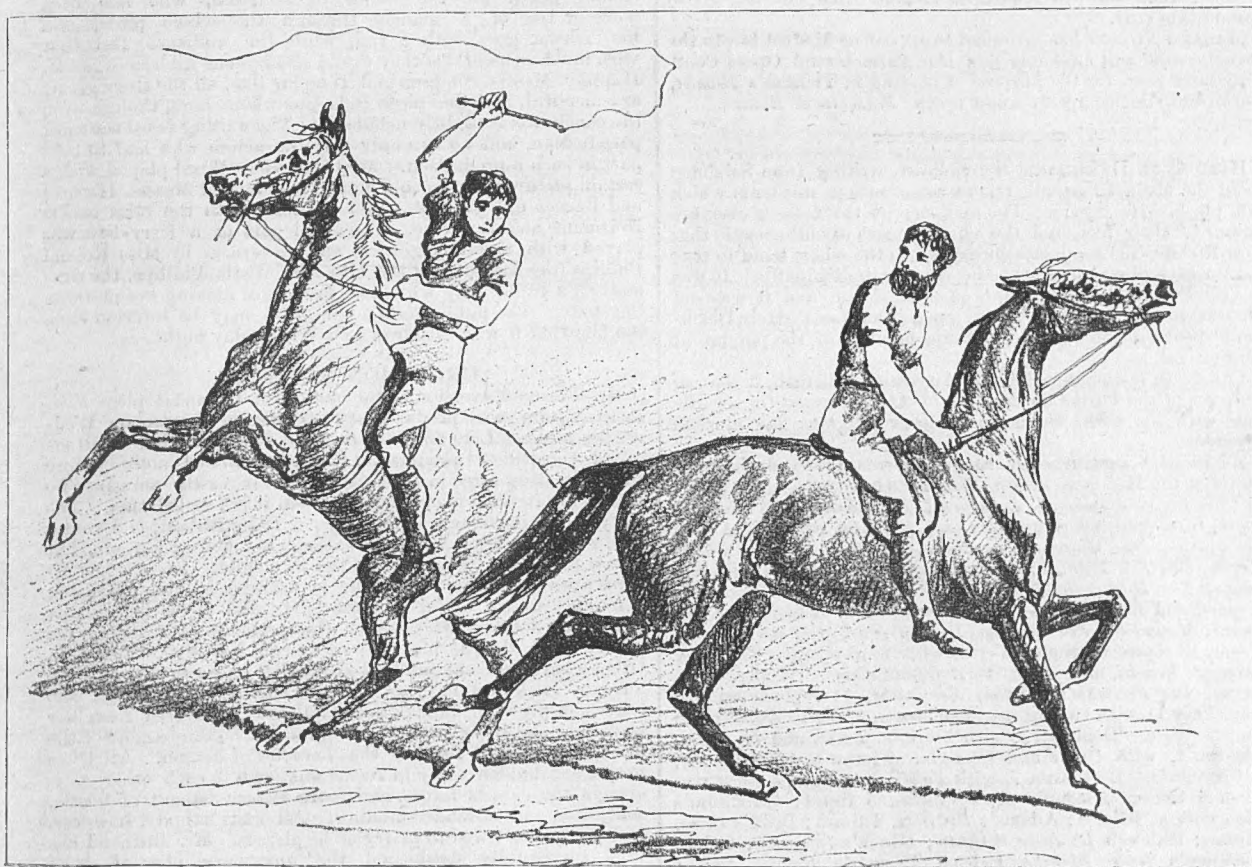


A CHARGE.

of his sharpest spurs? I suspect he would laugh the idea to scorn; if so he might find himself much mistaken if he took the bet. I saw many years ago just such an affair, and thinking, despite its cruelty, it might interest readers, I send a few illustrations.

The bet was that one man riding a certain horse should drive another riding a certain horse in a given time into a neighbouring stockyard. What the exact time was I do not recollect, but it seemed ample enough to have allowed the rider to put mountains between the place of incarceration and the taker of the bet. Both the actors were colonials, first-rate riders, and each to all seeming equally well mounted; and for myself I may frankly say I laid out a few shillings on the apparent impossibility of the better winning his money. On the signal being given it was obvious that as a beginning the taker of the bet was determined, whilst his little bay horse was yet fresh, to put as great a distance as possible between the fatal yard and himself. The pursuer, on a raking grey, soon stretched after him, and it quickly became evident that he was anyhow the faster of the two. Getting up close, the first blow of the stock-whip was given, and although the bay turned like a hare, and so avoided the full force of it, still it seemed to surprise him greatly. Up to that time, I fancy, poor little steed, he imagined he was in for a jolly good race, or something. If so, the second blow undecieved him, and showed him it was to be no play for him. His clever twists away from his enemy now made it certain to the onlookers that if the grey was the fastest, the bay stopped and turned by far the best, and cruel as the exhibition was, it was intensely interesting to watch each displaying his best powers to respectively approach and avoid the other. Just as the fatal whip would rise, the poor bay by a quick turn would give the go-by to his pursuer, and stream away at his best pace in the opposite direction, only to be headed again by the others' superior speed. If, instead of rushing away, after a twist he could have stood to gain his wind, while the other was pulled up further on, he would have saved himself greatly, but the whip had begun to act on him so as to make him almost unmanageable. At length, turning stupid, he planted his forefeet into the ground and refused to do anything but lash out, and in doing so he backed at times so rapidly on his torturer that the grey got one or two most severe volleys on his ribs.

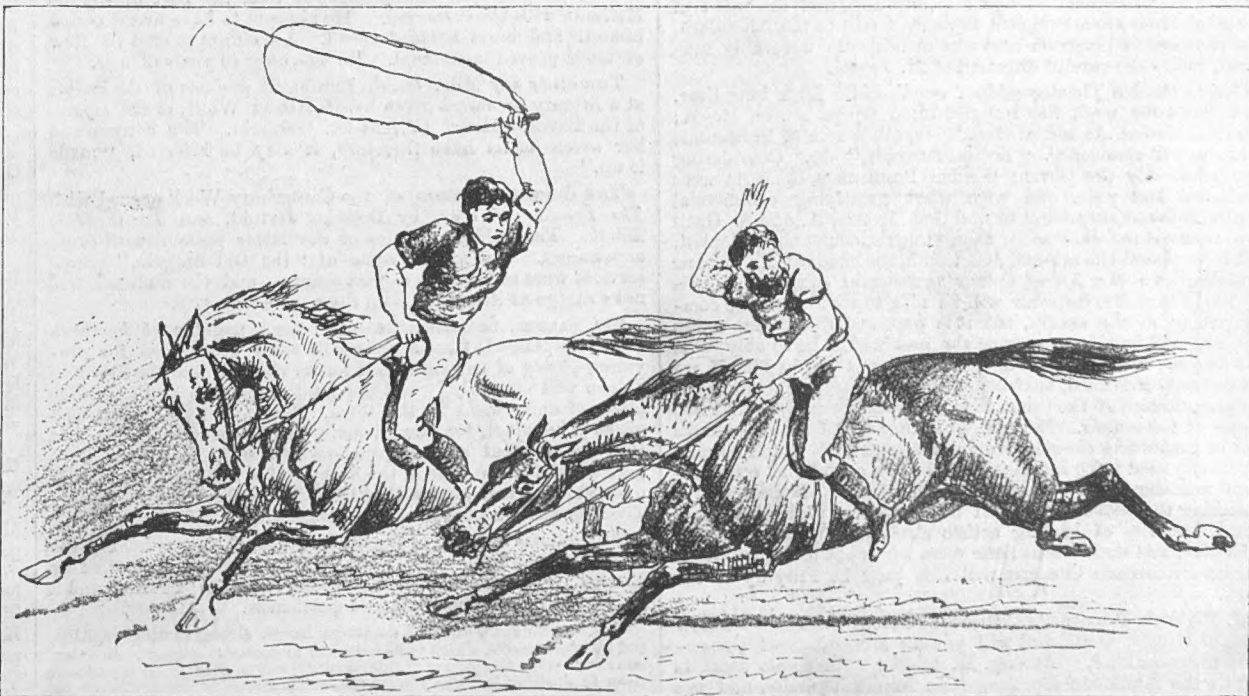
But the whip conquered again, and now, thoroughly mad, he settled himself for a long gallop clean from the scene of his troubles. Up to this time neither had gained or lost; they were pretty much as when they began, and the determined way that the bay set about putting a distance between himself and the yard made it seem probable that he would at length get clear away. In vain the rider of the grey spun out his long whip, changing it from hand to hand with a dreadful dexterity; in



AT BAY.

good mount is necessary, however, and it is astonishing how very clever your stock horse will get. Let the runaway twist and turn as he may, he will be followed yard for yard at the mere touch of rein and heel. In fact, many old staggers need nothing but that their rider should remain still on their backs. The latter performance is not an easy matter always, however, the turns being often most abrupt and unexpected. There was one old horse that I knew, famous in his district, which it was almost impossible to sit at such work—at least for a stranger. Bump-tious riders used to be put on him and set after a bullock; but they speedily found their level, and it was a low one. This old fellow, when he set after a beast that was wanted, if he found, after a hundred yards or so, that the bullock had the foot of him, would quietly turn back in spite of the most vigorous application of whip and spur.

A good "cutting out" horse has an enormous value in comparison to the common run, as may be imagined when it is said that in a country where horses are at times sold for a few shillings these will often fetch upwards of £100. This "cutting out" is very exciting work, and a pretty sight to see when good men are engaged at it. It is the technical term for the separation on some open plain of the fat bullocks intended for butchering, &c., from the main herd. Every man comes on his best horse to assist his neighbour on such occasions, and there is ample field for emulation and exertion. Each bullock is drafted out separately by one horseman, and as the doomed beast makes the most strenuous efforts to remain in the herd, it needs both skill and good horsemanship to drive him apart. In fact, your colonial-born Britisher on his best horse is a very good man indeed, as far as equitation is concerned, and armed with his whip can do a great deal that would seem impossible to those who had not seen him. I knew this once exemplified in rather a startling manner. But first I should like to ask any Englishman well mounted and free, what he would say if one riding an animal little if any superior to his own were to offer to bet him that in a specified time he would guarantee to run both him and horse into a certain specified enclosure, spite



GETTING AWAY.

vain he laid himself alongside, and struck the poor flier on his quivering head; he still galloped on. Blinded and weary, however, at last, his foot caught a crab-pole, and with a fearful crash both horse and rider came to ground. They picked themselves up slowly; but once again mounted they made a fair and sudden charge on the unsuspecting grey. Straight on the side it caught the latter, and he fairly reeled. From a fall, however, his superior weight saved him. The feelings of the men to one another from the beginning had been of the bitterest, but it was now intensified to a disgusting degree. The whip, perhaps, had seemed at times to fall with a charming impartiality on both horse and rider. But the game little bay's share had been more than enough for him; he had an evident horror of that darting thong; he squirmed away every time his enemy approached, and thus made it easier for the other to turn and head him. And so gradually, amidst the hoarse shouts of the crowd, the struggle approached closer to the yard. And at length, after a fiercer and deeper cut than usual, the unfortunate beast fairly took the bit in his teeth, and, streaming everywhere with blood, fairly galloped into the open gate of the stockyard. I have not made any mention of the language used by the two bettors and actors and their friends in the crowd during this brutal exhibition, which wound up with a general fight. Suffice it to say of a certain class in Australia, that if ever the British rough becomes extinct in these islands, he can be replaced in all essentials by the Australian Larrikin.

J. J. A.

MUSIC.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA closed last Saturday night, when Verdi's *Aida* was repeated, for the benefit of Mr. Mapleson. The attendance was scantier than might have been expected, but the visitors were enthusiastic in their demonstrations of goodwill to the *bénéficiaire*, who was not only called before the curtain, but greeted with bouquets, wreaths, and other floral devices usually reserved for *prime donne*. On his second appearance before the curtain he was accompanied by Sir Michael Costa, who was warmly applauded. Respecting the merits of this performance it is needless to say anything. The production of *Aida* has been the most conspicuous feature of the past season, although it is not unlikely that *Mignon*, if brought out earlier, would have been more widely popular. In October next the usual autumnal series of Italian operatic performances will commence, and, with the rule of cheap prices, early hours, and free choice as to evening or morning dress, the autumn season will probably enable the management to recoup the losses made during the past season of high prices, late hours, and restrictions as to dress. The knell of old operatic traditions—dating from the time when music was an aristocratic luxury—has begun to sound, and every year it will boom out louder and louder, until the truth is admitted that music has become the favourite enjoyment of the million. The general musical public will be found ready to support good all-round performances of sterling works, and if managers have not learnt by hard experience that the "star system," with its attendant high prices, is a costly failure, they must be unteachable. A "star" who draws £1,000 a night has possibly a right to take £200 as her nightly salary; but the empty houses on "off nights" melt away the profits made when the "star" appears. With the abolition of the "star system" a large reduction of risk and expense would follow, and managers might safely venture to admit at moderate prices the large constituency who would be glad to avail themselves of opportunities at present denied them.

At the Alhambra Theatre on Saturday last, Mr. C. L. Kenney's English version of Offenbach's *Princesse de Trébizonde* was produced for the first time. During the run of this piece at the Gaiety Theatre it became very popular, and its reception on Saturday last encourages the belief that it will have a long run at the Alhambra. In the rôle of Zanetta, the *remplacante* of the waxen princess, whose nose has been knocked off, Miss Alice May made a successful first appearance at the Alhambra. Her voice filled the theatre completely; she sang with excellent taste, and was vivacious without descending to vulgarity. She has seldom appeared to such advantage, and the warm applause bestowed upon her was fully merited. Miss Loseby resumed the rôle of the youthful Prince Raphael, in which she had formerly appeared at the Gaiety Theatre, and Miss C. Braham was a lively representative of the "strong woman," Manola. Miss Emma Chambers, as usual, entered heart and soul into her task, and gave a bright impersonation of the showman's daughter, Regina. Mr. Charles Collette (his first appearance at the Alhambra) represented the showman, Cabriolo, and successfully introduced some comic interpolations in the fair scene. He was warmly welcomed, and is likely to become a marked favourite with the Alhambra audience. Mr. Kelleher (Tremolino), Mr. F. Cook (Casimir), Mr. F. Hall (Sparadrap), and others, gave good help, and the opera was well received. The ballet of the waxwork images in the third act was admirable, and elicited loud applause. Like most of Offenbach's later operas, *The Princess of Trébizonde* is musically weak, and is far inferior in melodic originality to his earlier works. Nevertheless, the tunes, if not original, are lively, and form an agreeable relief to the dialogue. The plot is amusing, and the ballet of the third act is alone sufficient to repay a visit to the Alhambra. The choruses and instrumental accompaniments were ably rendered, under the careful direction of M. Jacobi.

Covent Garden Theatre seldom remains idle for a long time. Last Saturday week the Royal Italian Opera season closed; to-night Messrs. A. and S. Gatti's seventh season of Promenade Concerts will commence. "Le Roi est mort," &c. Considering how admirably the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts were conducted last year, and with what gratifying commercial results, it is not surprising to find that Messrs. A. and S. Gatti have resolved to follow as far as possible the course then adopted, and have placed the musical direction in the hands of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, with Mr. Alfred Cellier as assistant conductor. It is not likely that Mr. Sullivan will be able to conduct at the commencement of the season, but it is expected that a few weeks hence he will be able to resume the post which he so ably filled last season. In the meanwhile, his influence will be felt, if we are correctly informed, that before leaving England he arranged the programmes of the concerts to be given during the first five weeks of the season. Mr. Alfred Cellier will have an arduous task in conducting classical works of a kind with which he cannot be expected to be familiar; but he is a sound and conscientious musician, and is certain to devote all his energies to mastering the scores which will be interpreted under his direction. The list of leading artists already engaged is highly attractive, and there seems little room for doubt that the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts will this year be fully up to the mark.

M. Rivière's Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden will follow those of Messrs. Gatti, and will present attractions of a somewhat different kind. Among M. Rivière's chief solo vocalists will be the American soprano, Miss Emma Thursby, and the Parisian soprano, Mlle. Hamakers, who recently made a suc-

cessful appearance at Her Majesty's Opera as Queen Margaret in *Les Huguenots*.

Carmen appears likely to become as popular at the Antipodes as in this part of the world. An English version, written by Mr. F. Lyster, of San Francisco, was produced on the 14th of May last at the Melbourne Opera House, with Mme. Rose Hersee as Carmen, Signor Verdi as Escamillo, and two Australian artists, Miss Stone and Mr. Beaumont, as Micaela and José. The work did not attract a large audience on the first night, but so rapidly became popular that it was played for twelve consecutive nights, and would have run still longer, had not the principal artists required rest. *Aida* was played for two nights, with Signora Link as Aida, but in consequence of the demand for further repetitions of *Carmen*, Bizet's opera was again given, and ran for seven consecutive nights. The *Melbourne Argus* and other journals speak in high terms of Mme. Rose Hersee, Mr. Beaumont, and Signor Verdi, and render justice to the merits of Bizet's fascinating and original work.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company will commence their autumnal tour on Monday next, at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin. Report speaks highly of the new American basso profundo, Mr. Conley, who will play the principal bass part in the English adaptation of *Aida*, to be produced next winter by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at Her Majesty's Theatre.

An English version of the French opera *Mignon*, by Ambroise Thomas, will shortly be produced at the Melbourne Opera House; the character of Mignon by Madame Rose Hersee, who has written the English adaptation, so far as her own rôle is concerned.

"When Music, heavenly maid, was young," disputes as to copyrights and acting-rights were unknown. In these more enlightened days, Music—now a very old maid—is a fruitful source of litigation; notably in the recent squabble about *H.M.S. Pinafore*. In addition to the terrors of the law, the *argumentum baculinum* appears to have been employed by some of the disputants. The opera is being simultaneously played at the Imperial Aquarium Theatre and at its original home, the Opéra Comique Theatre.

Promenade concerts will be given at the Crystal Palace on Saturdays, August 16, 23, and 30, under the direction of M. Rivière.

THE promenade concerts at Her Majesty's Opera and at Covent Garden will be commenced this day (Saturday).

MADAME ADELINA PATTI has retired to her estate in Wales, and will probably rest from professional duty until the beginning of 1880, when she will appear at Vienna. She will not go to Russia this year.

MADAME NILSSON has arranged to appear at Madrid late in the autumn, and will probably join the Paris Grand Opera Company next year, for the purpose of playing in Thomas's *Hamlet*, and in the same composer's new opera, *Françoise de Rimini*.

HEER CARL DEICHMANN, the violinist, writing from Salzburg about the Mozart Festival, relates some curious incidents which took place. He says:—"The audience at the *Leonora* overture sprang to their feet, and the cheering was so enthusiastic that Herr Richter (the conductor) beckoned to the whole band to rise, and for each player to accept the ovation individually. It was an unprecedented sight to me as a musician, and it was not without emotion I witnessed such a manifestation." Herr Deichmann speaks in the most enthusiastic manner of the playing at the Festival.

THE death is announced of M. Auguste Barbereau, a veteran professor at the Paris Conservatoire. At his funeral (in accordance with his wish) there was neither religious nor musical ceremony.

MUSIC IN GERMANY.—Of the 53 operas given during the season at the Hofoper, Berlin, Wagner's have been most popular; his *Flying Dutchman*, *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Meistersinger*, furnishing 33 representations. Mozart comes next with five operas, *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze*, *Clemenza di Tito*, *Flauto Magico*, *Così Fan Tutte*, 25 representations. Meyerbeer, with five operas, *The Huguenots*, *Robert the Devil*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, *The Prophet*, and *L'Africaine*, 19 representations. Auber, with five operas, *Masaniello*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Domino Noir*, *Lac des Fées*, *Le Maçon*, 18 representations; Verdi, with four operas, *Trois Rois*, *Traviata*, *Ernani*, and *Aida*, 16 representations. Weber, three operas, *Der Freischütz*, *Oberon*, *Euryanthe*, 11 representations. Marschner 11 with two operas, *Rubinstein* 9, with *Feramorz* and *The Maccabees*. Donizetti 8, with *Lucrèce*, *Lucia*, and *La Figlia*. Spontini 4, with *Cortez* and *Olympia*. Flotow 6, with *Martha*, and *Stradella*. Beethoven 7, with *Fidelio*. Gounod's *Faust* was given 5 times. Nicolai's *Merry Wives*, 5 times; Cherubini's *Wasserträger*, 4 times; Adams's *Postilion*, 4 times; Brüll's *Cross*, 4 times; Halévy's *La Juive*, 3 times; Gluck's *Iphigenia*, twice; Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche*, twice; Thomas's *Hamlet*, twice; Kreutzer's *Nachlager von Granada*, twice; Spohr's *Jessonda*, twice. Of new operas, Abert's *Ekkhard* was given 6 times, Hoffman's *Arminius*, 11 times, and Rubinstein's *Feramorz* 5 times.

AN actor of some reputation, Mr. John Nelson, died at Preston suddenly on the morning of the 26th ult. He was performing during the week with his wife, known as Miss Carlotta Leclercq, and on the previous Thursday night took the part of Claude Melnotte with great success. He appears to have over-exerted himself and burst a blood-vessel. All efforts to stop the flow of blood proved ineffectual. He was only 40 years of age.

THE other day Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt was one of the guests at a literary breakfast given by M. Albert Wolff, of the *Figaro*, at the Pavillon Henri IV., at St. Germain. The actress and her severe critic have therefore, it may be inferred, "made it up."

THE dramatic feature of the Canterbury Week opened with *The Prisoner of War*, by Douglas Jerrold, and *The Wedding March*. The wild absurdities of the latter piece caused great amusement. We missed some of "the Old Stagers," whose services were so valuable in past seasons, and the audience was not so large as it usually is on these occasions.

SPA SALOON, SCARBOROUGH.—The most popular of northern watering-places is famous among its other attractions for providing plenty of entertainment for its visitors, and the new Spa Saloon will certainly be not the least important and enjoyable place of amusement in the town. The fine hall opened last night (Thursday), too late for more than a passing notice, but that the musical arrangements—which will, of course, be a permanent feature—are in the best possible hands will be readily understood, when we say that Herr Meyer Lutz, of the Gaiety Theatre, has accepted the post of conductor.

THE annual meeting of the Green Room Club was held at the Zoological Gardens. Mr. Henry Irving presided, supported by Messrs. David James, J. L. Toole, Thomas Thorne, and a number of literary and dramatic gentlemen.

"KEATING'S POWDER" destroys bugs, fleas, moths, beetles, and all other insects, whilst quite harmless to domestic animals. In exterminating beetles the success of this powder is extraordinary. It is perfectly clean in application. See you purchase "KEATING'S," as imitations are noxious and ineffectual. Sold in tins, 1s. and 2s. 6d. each, by all Chemists. —[ADVT.]

THE DRAMA.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

Miss Genevieve Ward commenced a short summer season at the Lyceum on Saturday last, with a new play by Messrs. Palgrave Simpson and Claude Templar, entitled *Zillah*. The piece, which is one of the wildest and most incomprehensible melodramas ever offered to the public, is in five acts, or we might rather say conundrums, and long before it was over, the audience had given up trying to guess them, and waited with bland exasperation for the next enormity which it might please the dramatists to perpetrate. It is well-nigh impossible to give the plot in detail, but some few of the incidents will enable the reader to judge of this remarkable play. We are introduced in the first act to Count Raimond of Toulouse, who has twin daughters, one of whom is supposed to have perished in a fire many years before, while the other, Constance, is to be betrothed to Paul de Roseville; and in order that all may be fair and aboveboard, the ceremony takes place in a public square, just like a Punch and Judy show. In this square there are certain performing gipsies, one of whom, Zillah, is so like Constance that we see at once it is the long lost twin—a fact emphasized by the appearance of Miss Genevieve Ward in the double rôle. So far the piece is fairly intelligible, but Messrs. Simpson and Templar having got us into their toils (just as an aged and sanguinary-minded spider entraps a young and impulsive fly), they proceed to enmesh us in a series of incidents which leave us stifled and breathless. Paul has saved the life of Zillah's child—he would certainly have left that interesting infant to its fate had he known of the dark deeds Simpson and Templar were meditating—and therefore Zillah is in love with Paul. She gets hold of Leoni de Noirmant, an old lover of Constance's, and they have great games together. They abstract some important State papers from Paul, and they steal his ring, Constance is decoyed by the gipsies, and Zillah is apparently so delighted that she begins to emulate the delirium of M. Coupeau. Then we have a wonderful Jew pedlar, who succeeds in getting himself disliked, mainly owing to a pantomimic proboscis which he persistently pokes into people's faces; and a great deal of farcical business, ending in the wounding of Zillah, as a warning, we suppose, that you cannot play a double part with impunity. Then comes the trial of Paul, and the death of Zillah, that lady slipping away immediately after she has shuffled off her mortal coil to reappear as Constance, leaving a very waxen dummy in her place. The sight of this figure, recalling, no doubt, tender reminiscences of the Tussauds of the period, is too much for the Count of Toulouse, who has been more or less of a maniac through the whole piece, and his reason goes with a run, while the audience feel that with much more of this they would also become gibbering idiots. Happily, Messrs. Simpson and Templar like, all the truly great, are merciful, and the piece ends somewhere here, though even the conclusion is slightly nebulous. The writing is for the most part fustian, and we can only pity the actors who had to take part in such a production. Miss Genevieve Ward played with a certain picturesqueness and much vigour, and Messrs. Herbert and Barnes did all that could be done with the rôles of De Noirmant and Roseville. The small part of a ferry-boy was played with much brightness and cleverness by Miss Roland Phillips (the daughter of the late Mr. Watts Phillips, the dramatist), a young lady who gives promise of making her mark on the stage. The public verdict on *Zillah* may be inferred from the fact that it was withdrawn on Wednesday night.

CRITERION THEATRE.

Mr. Burnand's version of the notorious Gymnase piece *Bèbe*, entitled *Betsy*, was produced at the Criterion Theatre on Wednesday night. Like *The Pink Dominoes*, *Truth*, and indeed all so-called "comedies" produced at this house, *Betsy* is nothing more than a roaring farce in three acts. It is vastly amusing, no doubt, but it is no more a comedy than it is a melodrama. The story is simple enough. Adolphus, or Dolly Birkett, is a young fellow who is regarded as a baby by his doting parents, but whose tastes are by no means those of a child. Dolly's adventures are very comic. First he is entrapped into promising marriage to an artful servant girl, and he is led further astray by a tutor, who, under the pretence of teaching the young man, helps him to carry on his little intrigues. Other characters are introduced familiar to us in farces. We have an Irish captain of an irascible nature, and his wife, who looks sharply after him; a music mistress, separated from her husband; and Dolly's father, an old man who thinks more of the newspaper than of forming the character of his son. All these people are hidden away in rooms unknown to each other, as is always the case in farces, and there is any amount of bustle, confusion, and misunderstanding. All ends happily, however, and Dolly is allowed to marry as he pleases. Mr. Burnand has very successfully deodorised the unsavoury plot of MM. Hennequin and Najac, and his dialogue is exceedingly humorous. The piece was capitally acted. Mr. Hill was as funny as ever as Mr. Birkett, the father, and Mr. Maltby gave us a genuine piece of eccentric comedy, as the tutor, and Mr. Standing played with considerable humour as the Irishman. Messrs. Lytton Sothorn and Giddens were vivacious as two troublesome young men, Dolly and his chosen friend Mrs. Stephens is one of the best old women on the stage, and Mles. Rorke and Lottie Venne were wholly satisfactory. *Betsy* was received with roars of laughter and applause, and in response to a loud call for the author, Mr. Wyndham came forward and said that Mr. Burnand was in the wilds of Scotland, but that the favourable reception the piece had met with should be immediately communicated to him.

Mr. Terry, Mr. Royce, and Miss Farren have returned to the Gaiety, and are warmly welcomed. The performances consist of Mr. Peyton Wrey's operetta, *A Pair of Them*, *Boulogne*, Mr. F. C. Burnand's amusing adaptation of *Niniche*, and a revival of Mr. H. J. Byron's burlesque *Little Doctor Faust*.

Mr. Barry Sullivan is appearing at the Haymarket as Benedick, supported by Miss Rose Eytinge. *The Stranger* will be revived next week.

That Beautiful Biceps, Mr. Savile Clarke's Drury Lane farce, has been successfully revived at the Folly. Messrs. Leslie and Wyatt play with much humour, Mr. Mackenzie makes a gallant lover, and Miss Minnie Marshall a fascinating *soubrette*, while Miss Marie de Grey gives a clever rendering of an æsthetic young lady.

Davy Crockett, an "idyll of the backwoods," in which Mr. Frank Mayo, an American actor of some reputation, will appear, will be given at the Olympic on Saturday.

The Ticket-of-Leave Man has been revived at the Adelphi with Messrs. Hermann Vezin and Neville, and Miss Foote in the principal characters. It goes exceedingly well.

Mr. Wilson Barrett opens the Court early in September, and has secured an admirable company for *Fernande*, which will be his first production. Miss Heath, Miss Amy Roselle, Miss Kenney, and Mrs. Leigh Murray will play, while the chief male parts will be sustained by Mr. Barrett himself and Messrs. Coghlan and Anson. The adaptation of Sardou's piece is by Mr. Sutherland Edwards, and the play will be magnificently mounted.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MISS MARY RORKE.

We give this week on our front page the portrait of one of the most sympathetic and charming young actresses on the English stage, Miss Mary Rorke, of the Criterion Theatre. We firmly believe that this young lady has a very brilliant future before her. What amount of dramatic power experience may enable her to display remains to be seen, but Miss Rorke must be credited with possessing in a high degree refinement, grace, and a delicate perception of humour which latter was specially well brought out in her last assumption, that of Mrs. McManus in Mr. Burnand's amusing piece *Betsy*, which was produced at the Criterion on Wednesday evening. Her little passages of arms with her husband in the play, and the quiet determination with which she smilingly gains her point, were very cleverly and divertingly shown; and there was in the latter scenes just that touch of reality and earnestness that were necessary to raise the piece above the level of farce. Miss Rorke first appeared in 1874 at the Crystal Palace and the Croydon Theatre; came to the "Mirror Theatre" in Holborn—now the Duke's—to play a small part in *Maids of Honour*, and was then engaged at the Haymarket for Sophie Crackthorpe in *The Wedding March*. Miss Rorke was then tempted into the Provinces, and for eight months played "juvenile lead" at the Liverpool Prince of Wales's. From this house she stepped to the Court, and represented Fanny Bunter in *New Men and Old Acres*, which part she also played during a tour. The Haymarket was her next home, and after a short stay at that house of varying fortunes, the young actress, made a long tour with a company formed to represent Mr. W. S. Gilbert's plays, and acted the principal parts with considerable success. Then followed the Criterion engagement, where she began as Meg, in Mr. Craven's comedy, *Meg's Diversion*. Miss Rorke is now established in London, and we may, happily, be sure that London managers will not easily let her leave the metropolis.

THE GOODWOOD CUP.

Mr. Sturgess's drawing explains itself, even without the quotation he has put at the bottom of it. Isonomy, who is developing into a grand Cup horse, won easily, and the American division who had made certain that Parole would avenge his defeats were disappointed.

SLAVES OF THE BANK HOLIDAY.

Bank Holidays are by no means unmitigated blessings. Even the holiday makers themselves often suffer next morning from the effects of a too exuberant evening, and those who do not care to venture out into the midst of what has been aptly called "a Derby Day without the races" are by no means well disposed to the riotous pleasure-seekers, who so entirely upset traffic arrangements, and make suburban roads into something not distantly resembling bear gardens. These feasts of St. Lubbock are very far, indeed, from being holidays for the poor beasts let out for hire to the noisy and too often utterly unfeeling excursionist. Until the wretched donkeys and goats absolutely drop from sheer inability to go any further there is little hope that their taskmasters will allow them to rest. Our artist's drawing is a silent plea for the Slaves of the Bank Holiday.

ONLY A PARTIAL FAST.

The engraving of "Only a Partial Fast" is taken from a picture by Karger, the celebrated Austrian painter. The younger Brother has apparently joined the Order with the impression that such desires as those of the appetite are not to be considered in his new state, and all the more credit is due to him for his courage and devotion. But when he finds that the Superior of his brotherhood not so ascetic as he had supposed, his sentiments on the subject are of a very mixed description, hunger perhaps predominating. The least the Superior can do is to ask his Brother to take a seat, a knife and fork being understood; and if Karger had showed the scene an hour later, the junior would, doubtless, have appeared more cheerful, and the senior not less so.

A PICNIC WITH AN ARTISTS' CLUB.

We are glad of the opportunity of giving illustrations of the last meeting of that pleasant little society, the Holmesdale Fine Arts Club, and to hold up the institution as an example to be followed in other places where there are residents of artistic taste and ability. The club meets on certain days at a picturesque spot that has been carefully selected, and, having reached the destination, the morning is spent in sketching, each artist choosing his or her own subject, and working upon it until luncheon time. A tent is usually provided for this agreeable ceremony, and on the canvas walls the results of the morning labours are hung up for exhibition. The club enjoy the luncheon, and then examine and discuss each other's sketches, put the finishing strokes, and generally amuse themselves until time to go home. On the occasion when our sketches were taken the club met at Hackhurst Roughs, near Abinger, one of the most delightful nooks in the beautiful county of Surrey, and near the spot where the late Bishop of Wilberforce died with such terrible suddenness in consequence of a fall from his horse. The monument shown in the drawing marks the spot.

Happily the weather was fine, and the local journal from which we borrow the report informs us that at four o'clock an excellent luncheon was provided to which above 80 ladies and gentlemen sat down. After grace by the Rev. Canon Cazenove, the President (Mr. F. C. Pawle) rose, and proposed "The Increased Prosperity of the Club." After remarking that the number present was the best proof of the continued popularity of the Club, he briefly referred to its objects—one of which was this sketching day; and he requested those present to exhibit their sketches after the luncheon, saying he had unfortunately made a very bad one; but it might encourage those who were diffident to exhibit what they had done. He also referred to the approaching Autumn Exhibition, and the prizes the Society were offering for paintings and drawings by the young students of Reigate, and concluded by associating the toast with the name of the Secretary (Mr. John Payne), to whom the Society owed so much. Mr. Payne responded, and stated that the Club had increased its members by 10 per cent. during the past year. He thought the Society had done, and would continue to do, an immense amount of good, and if they could but largely increase the number of their members they would do wonders. He proposed "The healths of the London Artist Members," coupled with the names of Mr. Collingwood Smith and Mr. Frank Holl, A.R.A.—Mr. Smith, in returning thanks, said he always looked forward to this day as the most enjoyable one in the whole year, and eulogised the Club, which he said was perfectly unique.—Mr. Holl also briefly responded, entirely concurring in the remarks of Mr. Smith.—The Rev. Canon Cazenove, in a humorous speech, proposed "The health of the President," who had done so much to further the progress of art in Reigate.—Mr.

Pawle, in reply, observed that they were fortunate in having such a minister as Canon Cazenove. Instead of taking a gloomy view, and bewailing the sin and wickedness of the world, he endeavoured to extract all the good out of it he could. He was foremost in promoting all innocent and healthy recreations; and though not an artist himself, he did all in his power to encourage and develop the practice and love of art in Reigate, and in Mr. Cazenove he found one of the best coadjutors. He (the president) would like to have proposed his health, but as the proceedings must not be prolonged, he would conclude by proposing "The Ladies."

The sketches made during the day were then displayed outside the tent. They were excellent. Mr. E. A. Waterlow, Mr. Tenniswood, Messrs. Collingwood and Harding Smith, Mr. W. W. May, Mr. W. Mole, Mr. Charles Jones, Mr. A. W. Williams, and Mr. Percy were amongst the professional artists. The amateurs also were strongly represented. The sun now shone out brightly, and brought to a brilliant close one of the most successful sketching days of the Holmesdale Fine Arts Club.

STRATHALLAN MEETING.

"On the banks of Allan Water" was held on Saturday one of the most successful athletic meetings which have taken place in Scotland for a long time. With the winter still upon us in the month of July, compelling the use of sealskin jackets and ulster coats, the charmingly beautiful weather of Saturday was taken as a special blessing. A more delightful day never shone. The famous Strathallan games take place in Westerton Park, the grounds of Lieut-General Sir James E. Alexander, Bart. The site is well chosen, being on one of the wooded heights on the left of the Allan, which flows below, winding its way to the North Sea. The programme of these popular sports contained forty-six competitions, the value of the money prizes alone amounting to £220, thus inducing athletes of note to compete. The arrangements both inside and outside the ring reflected the highest credit upon the committee. Everything passed off most successfully without a hitch. The conduct of the vast multitude of about 25,000 who had paid for admission was most orderly. A reference to the accompanying sketch will convey a better idea of some of the more interesting events. The background of the upper part of the page shows the scenery as viewed from the ring. Conspicuous in the distance is the national monument built to the memory of Wallace. The landscape of hill and dale formed a very fine setting to the gay and lively spectators on the grand stand. A sketch is also given of tilting at the ring—a time-honoured pastime. The sword feats of the Inniskilling Dragoons were quite a feature of the day, and were eagerly witnessed by all, bayonet *v.* lance being loudly applauded. Troop-Sergeant Major O'Rourke came in for a lion's share of the applause for his feats of skill with the sword, amongst which were cutting bars of lead, broom handles, and dividing a sheep in two with a single cut. He also cut an apple placed on the neck of Fencing-Instructor Veness. Sergeant Hunt and Corporals Nutt and Hucknot likewise performed with much acceptance, adding, if possible, to the favour with which the members of this popular regiment were received. Of the open competitions, none was a greater attraction nor was watched with so much interest as the wrestling. Amongst those engaged were some of the best known men, such as Steadman, Matthews, McKenzie, Kennedy, Moffat, and Potts. The neat costumes and splendid anatomy of the strangers from over the border were greatly admired, and combined with their gentle and kindly manner, won them many friends. The sketch given is that of McKenzie and Matthews, their wrestling being no ordinary treat to witness as a specimen of the genuine Cumberland style. The fencing of Fencing-Instructor Veness and Troop-Sergeant Major O'Rourke is shown underneath; also a well-known wielder of the heavy hammer, 22lbs, sack racing, and character dancing. The portraits are those of the judges of dancing and music, and Matthews and Kennedy, prize wrestlers.

Pro W. A. D.

SOUTH DURHAM AND NORTH YORKSHIRE HORSE AND DOG SHOW.

This year's exhibition was held at Woodside Park, the picturesque residence of Mrs. Gurney Pease, who generously lent the grounds for the site of the show, they being in every way suitable for its effective carrying out. On approaching the park, the visitor's ears were saluted by a multitude of canine sounds, varying from the deep bay of the mastiff to the sharp yelp of the terrier. Getting nearer, he distinguished the short, half-swallowed whine of the otter-hound, the continuous clamour of the retriever, greyhound, and terrier, and the hoarse spasmodic bark of the lolling St. Bernard and bloodhound. The long rows of kennels were placed in four lines, one backing another, so that each dog, in nearly every case, was effectually separated from the next one. The entries were—432 horses and 610 dogs.

The champion classes were not nearly so well represented in regard to numbers this year as last, but the entries last year in nearly every class were more than usually numerous. Splendid specimens of large breeds were on the ground. Judging commenced about eleven o'clock, and continued to about four or five p.m. Much difficulty in many instances was experienced by the judges in awarding the prizes, so uniformly excellent were the exhibits. As is generally the case dissatisfaction was occasionally expressed with the decision of the judges, and particularly by owners whose animals had come off victoriously a day or two previously, and were now not even "placed." This, no doubt, in many cases showed that the various classes were better represented at Darlington than had been the case elsewhere, and the successful dog of yesterday had to lower his colours to a superior animal to-day. In class 1 (bloodhounds) Mr. Morrell showed two fine brutes, which were awarded first and second prize. Dr. Forbes Winslow's famous Bell had been entered but did not arrive. Magnificent representatives of Sir Walter Scott's favourite companion were shown, three being sent by the Earl of Zetland. But that exhibited by Mr. T. L. Hemming, East Moulsey, carried off the prize. Lynx, a two-year-old hound, belonging to the Earl of Zetland, securing second honours. There was a very numerous class of greyhounds, Mr. John Allison, Darlington, with Astronomer, taking the first prize in champion dogs, and Mr. M. Brown, Hexham, with Bonny Lass, a black animal of beautiful proportions, obtaining the first prize in the champion bitch class. In the open class a white and brindled dog, belonging to Mr. R. Moses, Thornton-le-Moor, worthily secured first place; while in bitches Mr. George Naggs, Saltburn, with Cream, a fawn and white animal of splendid shape and condition, obtained the first prize and cup for best in the two classes. Sappings showed in goodly numbers and equally excellent quality, Mr. W. Watson's Rosemary being declared the best of two classes, and awarded first prize and cup. Otterhounds were a highly creditable lot, many of them having been previously exhibited at Darlington. Mr. J. C. Carriek, Carlisle, who showed Lottery and Swimmer last year, sent the former and Danger on Thursday, and with Lottery got first honours. Beagles were a fair class, though poor in numbers. Some excellent dachshunds were shown, Mr. W. Arkwright, Chesterfield, winning both first and second prizes. Pointers were numerous and of good quality, many excellent

animals being present. In the open class, Mr. James Fletcher, Stoneclough, Manchester, gained the first prize and a cup with a magnificent liver and white dog. Mr. Thos. Robinson, Denton Hall, with Bess, secured first honours in bitches above 50lb. In class 17 (pointers not over 50lb), Mr. Arkwright took both firsts in dog and bitch department. The display of setters was one of the finest in the show, such splendid dogs as Mr. Short-hose's Grouse, Mr. J. N. Lawson's Juno, and Mr. J. T. Richardson's Duke coming to the fore. Most of them were in splendid coat, of good colour, and well shaped. Grouse, which on the previous day had taken first prize in his class at Blaydon, had now however, to put up with second honours after J. T. Richardson's Duke. Juno, a splendid black and tan bitch, and the winner of many prizes, was strangely overlooked by the judge. There was little fault to be found with her, even by the most critical, except that she walked somewhat stiffly in the hind legs, a fault which it was evident, however, was only temporary. Mr. J. T. Richardson again came in for a win, and secured the first prize with Mona. In class 20 (setters except black and tan) there was very close competition, but ultimately the first prize and cup were awarded to Mr. James Fletcher's Rock, and most deservedly so. Retrievers were very fairly good, and included some fine specimens of this useful breed. A numerous show of spaniels, of creditable quality, was succeeded by a still more numerous exhibition of fox terriers. The "points" of these interesting little animals were duly inspected and admired, and it was rightly conjectured that some little difficulty would be experienced in this department by the judge. Patch, the well-known dog belonging to Mr. Proctor, was not deemed worthy even of commendation, although his last triumph was as late as Wednesday, when he took first honours in his class at Blaydon. Sporting and non-sporting puppies were creditable classes, and received much attention. Of the terriers, pugs, and dalmatians, all that may be said is that they were fully up to the quality of previous years. Miss Forster, of Bradford, with six entries, was successful in obtaining five prizes—three firsts, two seconds, and a "highly commended" card, a very creditable result. The bull dog class included a particularly excellent lot. George Raper's Richard Cœur de Lion, a formidable looking animal, but of undoubted merit, carried away the first prize. It, however, was objected to, but, as will be seen at a subsequent part of this report, the objection was not sustained. Sir William Verner, Bart., exhibited a fine specimen of the bull terrier class, with which he succeeded in taking first honours. There was an unusually good show of sheep dogs, all possessing more or less superior merit. Newfoundlands, mastiffs, and St. Bernards were a very good show, especially the two latter classes. In the Bedlington terriers, Mr. T. Urron's Piper, a splendid animal and a most successful exhibitor, had matters all its own way, and was awarded the first prize and cup. The rest of the class, however, was somewhat inferior.

The following were the judges and their awards:—

Greyhounds and Rabbit Coursers—Mr. Thomas Stephenson, Shipton Bridge, Market Weighton.

Bloodhounds, Newfoundlands, St. Bernards, and Mastiffs.—Mr. E. Nichols, Ebbsay-road, Kensington, W.

Fox Terriers.—Mr. J. A. Doyle, Plas Dulas, Abergele, North Wales.

Deerhounds, Otterhounds, Beagles, Dachshunds, Pointers, Setters, Retrievers, Spaniels, Sporting Puppies, Poodles, and Pomeranians.—Mr. W. Lort, Fron Goch Hall, Llanllugan, via Berriew, Montgomeryshire.

Non-Sporting Puppies, Toy Terriers, Smooth-Haired, Black and Tan Terriers, Pugs, Dalmatians, Bull Dogs, Bull Terriers, Rough or Scotch Terriers, Skyes, Bedlingtons, Dandie Dinmonts, Sheep Logs, and Extra Class.—Mr. Hugh Dalziel, The Laurels, Thornton Heath, Croydon.

The driving competition commenced at half-past five o'clock, in the presence of a considerable concourse of spectators. The competition was confined to tradesmen residing within the borough of Darlington, and of seventeen entries fifteen made their appearance in the ring. It was a matter of surprise to some that in these hard times as many as fifteen local tradesmen could put in an appearance as the owners of horses and conveyances. The judges had considerable difficulty in awarding the prizes in this class, which they rightly regarded as all round of great excellence. But ultimately the first prize was awarded to Messrs. Stillborn's (Parkgate) Rose, a winner of numerous prizes, the cards of which the driver exhibited in the form of a necklet after the present event was decided. The second prize was given to Mr. J. G. Crawford's (Northgate) Topsy and Mr. G. A. Todd, North-Eastern Hotel, was highly commended.

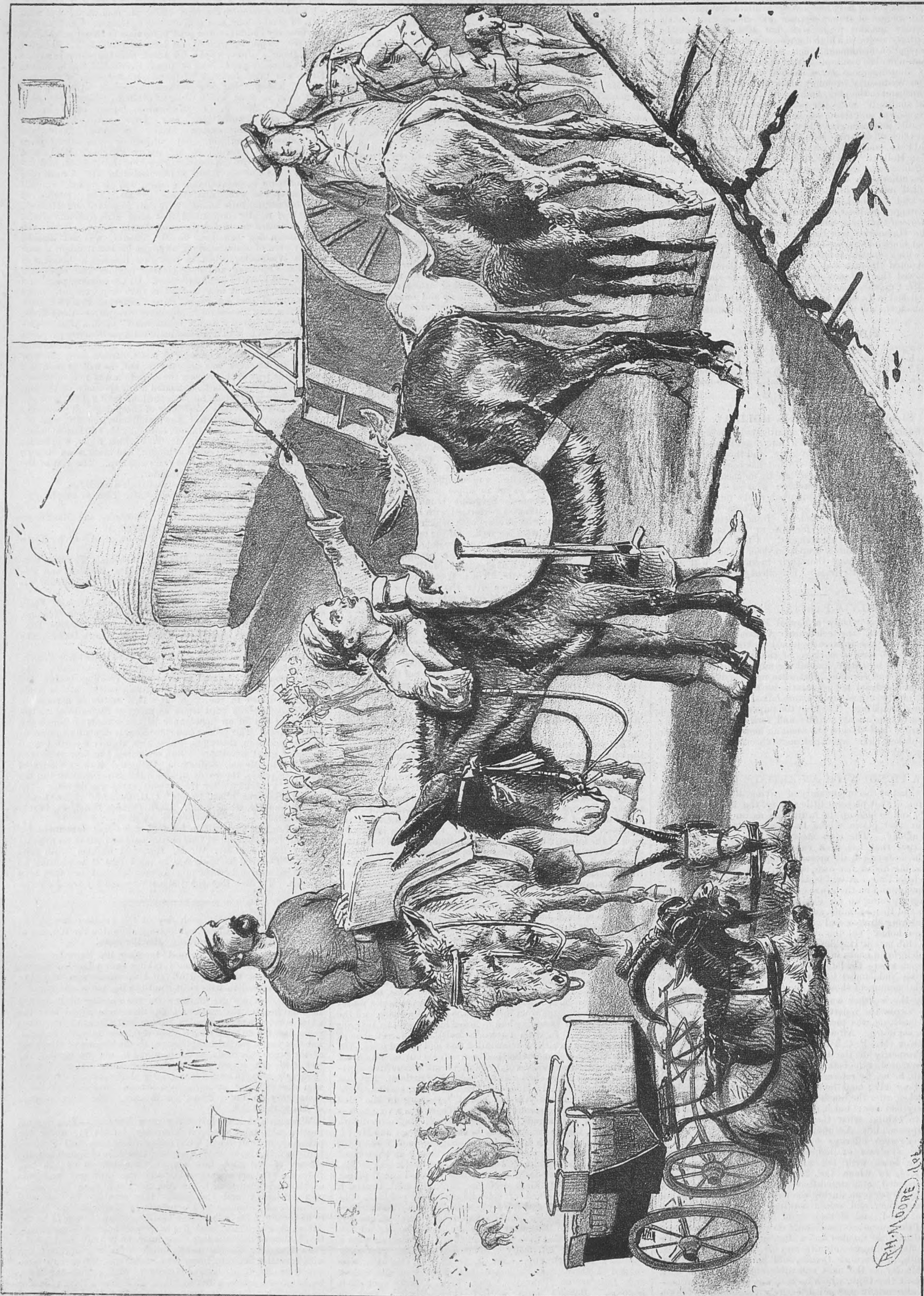
The Leaping Competition for a £5 prize was announced for an hour later, but out of four entries only one put in an appearance. This was Mr. W. H. Iley, Old Shildon, with Miss Whip. The trial he made was so good that it is probable he would have carried off the prize against his rivals had they been present. To Mr. Iley the judges very readily awarded the prize.

WINDSOR RACES.—On each day of the meeting special fast trains (1st and 2nd Class) will leave Paddington for Windsor at 12.10 and 12.35 p.m., returning after the races.

A NUMBER of actors supped together on Saturday evening, in honour of Mr. Toole's taking over a London theatre, as he is about to do, and all kinds of success were wished to the merry comedian who is at length to become a manager.

DOGGETT'S COAT AND BADGE.—On the evening of August 1 the final heat of this ancient competition was rowed over the usual course, between London Bridge and Chelsea. For some years past the men have been allowed to row up with the flood, but this year a partial compliance with the bequest of the donor of the prizes was made, as the men had to row up against the last of the ebb, which was of a rather strong nature. Harry Cordery's strength served him greatly at the end, and he finally won after a game struggle by a length. Joseph Banks being thoroughly done up. Time, 44min 32sec. The others came in in straggling order.

WINDSOR AND ETON R YAL AMATEUR REGATTA.—This annual regatta will take place on Thursday, August 21, under the patronage of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Buccleuch, the officers of the 2nd Life Guards, the officers of the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, and the principal residents of the neighbourhood. All the races are open to gentlemen amateurs, and the prizes this year to be competed for are both valuable and numerous. Amongst the laurels to be contested for is the Silver Challenge Cup (now held by the Albion Rowing Club), with five silver presentation cups added; the Ruthven Challenge Cup, for junior fours (now held by the Eton Excelsior Rowing Club), with silver presentation cups added; Senior Sculling Race, for a handsome silver cup, presented by Mr. R. Richardson Gardner, M.P.; Pair-oar Race, for handsome prizes, given by Sir C. J. Palmer, Bart.; Junior Sculling Race, for a silver cup, given by Mr. C. J. Barrett, of Eton; Scratch Races will follow. The Guards' bands will be in attendance, and, should the day be fine, no doubt it will be a great success.



SLAVES OF THE BANK HOLIDAY



D. Burgess.

ISONOMY

THE BEAR

"And the Favourite held tightly by the head, reached the Bear, opposite the Lane & simply "lobbed in." "Side shotspur."

THE MAGAZINES.

The Cornhill opens with Chapter VIII. of "Mademoiselle de Mersac," which is succeeded by a very interesting article on the influence of mind on the body, a subject of a complex and mysterious kind, singularly suggestive in its illustrative anecdotes of the only probable solution to many questions of a startling nature—charms, witchcraft, the royal touch, &c.—viz., the influence exercised by the imagination. The author, however, leaves the mystery a mystery still, and deals rather with effects than causes. That faith will remove mountains is no new theory, but the wonder still is how faith contrives to do it. The following is one of the anecdotes:—"A young lady in one of the Western States was convinced that a bristle of her tooth-brush had become imbedded in her throat and was causing mischief there, which would terminate fatally if the foreign body were not removed. The family doctor, and after him several physicians of repute, examined her throat, and all agreed in assuring her (which really was the case) that there was no bristle there at all. She continued to grow worse, the imaginary bristle causing all the effects which a real bristle might perhaps have caused—at any rate, all the effects which she imagined that a real bristle would cause. At last a young surgeon was consulted, who followed a different line of treatment. Looking long and carefully at her throat, and examining the afflicted part with several instruments, he at last gravely assured her that she was quite right; a bristle was there, and the inflammation she experienced was undoubtedly due to it. He could not, he said, remove the bristle at once, as the only instrument which would effectually reach it was at home. He went home for it, as he said, but really to enclose in an instrument of suitable form a bristle from a tooth-brush. Returning, he carefully nipped the skin of the throat where the young lady felt the pricking of the non-existent bristle, and after causing her enough discomfort to satisfy her that this time the operation of extracting the bristle was certainly in progress, he withdrew the instrument in triumph, and along with it the bristle, which had indeed first entered her mouth in that instrument's company. From that time she recovered rapidly. For it will be understood that though there was no real cause for her fears, a real irritation had been excited by them, and organic mischief had resulted. The story ends here so far as our present subject is concerned, though as a tale it may seem to many incomplete without a few words more. The young surgeon, we are told, was highly in favour thereof. He had not only saved her life, as she supposed, but had shown her to have been right, and all her friends, as well as the other doctors, wrong. She would have accepted his hand but for the circumstance that, having already a wife, he omitted to offer it. She blazoned abroad his fame, however, until he had become famous 'throughout the whole State.' All would have ended pleasantly had he not in a moment of weakness confided the true explanation of the young lady's cure to his wife—of course, under promise of strict secrecy—which, however, did not prevent the story from reaching the young lady's ears in a few hours. It is hardly necessary to say that thenceforth her feelings towards the doctor were the reverse of those she had entertained before." "White Wings" glides pleasantly on its way. "The Countess Roby" is a good story well told, and the rest of the contents are up to the usual high standard of this excellent magazine.

The Gentleman's Magazine offers rather a dull number this month. Mrs. Lynn Linton's novel, "Under which Lord?" is indeed continued, and Mr. R. A. Proctor, who writes on "Meteor Dust," is of course instructive. Mr. Swinburne has a critical paper on "The Historical Play of King Edward III.," and that it contains much thoughtful and excellent work need hardly be said. Mr. S. C. Buxton, on "The London School Board and its Work," is very dry and heavy. The writer has doubtless studied Blue Books and Acts of Parliament diligently, but such a magazine as the *Gentleman's* is not quite the place for such laborious essays. An article on "War and its Attendant Maladies" hardly forms reading of general interest, and it is strange that a Home Ruler who forms one of the Parnell-Biggart group should be chosen to write on Prince Napoleon. Remembering what some past numbers of the serial have been since Messrs. Chatto and Windus took it in hand, the present issue is not up to the mark, despite the names of Messrs. Swinburne and Proctor.

Belgravia is brighter than its companion magazine. Mr. Dutton Cook has a paper on "Inexplicable Dumb Shows," dealing with ballets, interludes, and pantomimes of various kinds in different countries, and on such subjects Mr. Cook is always interesting. Mr. James Payn, one of the few writers who always has a good short story to tell, gives an incident in the history of the fiendells of fiendell Court, who called themselves Fendall, but spelt their name with two small "f's." Mr. T. A. Trollope, who knows Italy and Italians from long personal intercourse, continues the series of "Home and Haunts of the Italian Poets" with Parini. Many readers will thank Mr. Trollope for introducing them to a poet of whom they know little. Mr. Cuthbert Bede and the Rev. W. Downes are among the other contributors, and the engravings maintain the improvement which they lately made.

Baily's portrait this month is of Mr. H. W. Eaton, M.P., the well-known member of the Four-in-Hand Club. Some one who has not yet quite managed to swallow Paul's Cray's Epsom victory over that remarkable horse Phénix has penned some satirical verses on the subject. There is an appreciative article on Baron Lionel de Rothschild. Cricket, fishing, rowing, yachting, and grouse are treated in turn by competent hands. The "improvements" that are beginning to show themselves in certain hunts are well hit off in "A Day with the Pytchley in 1900." The writer and his friend go to the meet on electric-cycles, and find many strange things there. Some one in the *Evening Standard* has been satirising a very eulogistic article that lately appeared in *Baily* on Owen Swift, the pugilist, and the writer of the essay makes a very mild retort. "Our Van" is, as usual, a most interesting résumé of sport, and there is a capital story of cricket in Paris:—"We are glad to hear that our national game of cricket is taking a firm hold with our Parisian neighbours, though the following authentic story suggests that at present they prefer the 'Suaviter in modo' to the 'Fortiter in re.' An Englishman was playing a match in Paris, and, being a fast bowler, was bowling at his best pace, when he was stopped by a gendarme, who placed a hand on his shoulder and remarked, 'Pas si fort, monsieur; pas si fort, s'il vous plaît.'"

The St. James's contains very few papers by writers whose names are known, and appears to want some distinctive features. It is not quite easy to see why those who may want to buy a magazine should choose the *St. James's*. A good story by a writer of reputation, or some attractive papers on a popular subject, are necessary to give the magazine the "spurt" it seems to need.

The Theatre has portraits of Miss Kate Phillips and Mr. Henry Neville, and as they bear the names of Messrs. Lock and Whitfield, it can scarcely be necessary to remark that they are perfect likenesses and tasteful as pictures. The number contains papers on theatrical matters by Messrs. Herman Merivale, Reece, Palgrave Simpson, Bronson Howard, Hallam, Jules Clarétie, &c., and the usual gossip. As must inevitably be the case in a

monthly magazine, some of the items have ceased to be news before they are published; but on the whole the serial well supports its special characteristics.

Tinsley's offers no fewer than four novels—truly a liberal allowance of fiction. There are besides short papers to fill up interstices, in prose and verse.

Macmillan's has a series of short readable papers on a variety of interesting subjects, with the continuation of a "A Doubting Heart," this month its only serial story.

ATHLETICS, CRICKET, AQUATICS, &c.

All-England v. Thirteen of Kent was the match decided upon to open the famous Canterbury week (concerning which we shall have more to say in our next). The addition to the latter team was evidently the result of the absence of Lord Harris, who abstained from playing out of respect to the memory of Lord St. Vincent. Several other well-known cricketers were absent from the list of players, notably Messrs. G. F. Grace, Hornby, Webbe, Walker, Lucas, and the Hon. A. Lyttelton, together with Lockwood, Pinder, and Ulyett on behalf of the players. As I next week intend to devote a considerable portion of my notes specially to this meeting, and as I am only at the time of writing in possession of the barest details, it will suffice for me now to state that England won by four wickets, after apparently having no chance. Full scores: A.E.E., 72 and 246; Kent, 142 and 174. In the second innings of the victors Dr. W. G. Grace (63) and Flowers (72) were "not outs."

Tame in the extreme was the play of Sussex when opposed to Surrey, on the ground of the latter at Kennington Oval, the home team winning by an innings at 35 runs. Surrey set 263 in their first innings, Mr. W. W. Read (53) being the top scorer, and their opponents could only make 80 and 148.

W. Hearn (not out 159) for M.C.C. and Ground v. Uppingham School (return) to-day was a grand performance, and the latter will scarcely save a one innings defeat.

The Holborn Cricket Club has arranged a tour to travel on the South Coast, and among other places will play matches at Eastbourne, Brighton, and Hastings. The team leaves Charing Cross on Monday next. The following are the members who represent the club: H. Tween (captain), F. Maddick, A. Tween, Lavington, Buck, Holmes, Vere, Mout, Yardley, Holbrook, and Webster.

Something like 300 athletic meetings have been held this week, and to attend all would have been manifestly difficult. I journeyed to Stamford on Monday, and had an enjoyable afternoon's sport, several well-known athletes showing up. Coke, of the London A.C., won the Quarter; C. A. W. Gilbert, O.U.A.C., the Hundred; F. J. Wood, London A.C., the Hurdles and High Jump; and Foreman, of the Elvaston C.C., the Mile.

To avoid giving offence by noticing one club and omitting another, I shall as nothing extraordinary has been done, ignore the other meetings.

On Saturday, August 9, will be commenced a champion quoit handicap at the Royal Gardens, North Woolwich, the proprietor, Mr. W. Holland, offering valuable prizes. The Walkinshaws, G. Graham, Armour, McGregor, and "Dave" Haddow have entered.

Mr. "Thunderstone" Alexander beat Sir John Astley in their pigeon-shooting match at Preston on Monday, so they are up to now "trick and tie."

Six o'clock on Saturday, August 9, at the Welsh Harp, Hendon, is the fixture for the One Mile Amateur Championship Swimming Race. Horace Davenport has entered, and he is in the water what Playford is on the top of it.

Owing to the floods the C.U. Long Vacation Races are postponed.

Gloucester v. Notts at Trent Bridge on Friday and Saturday last resulted in a draw, and I am informed that the fielding was loose in the extreme. For the "Lambs" Osceoff 76 and 48, and Barnes 5 and 44, were top-scorers. Dr. W. G. Grace obtaining 102 out of the 197 secured by Gloucestershire in their solitary innings, Notts making 172 and 120 with five wickets down.

L. A. Shuter's 68 decidedly won West Kent their match against R.A. at Chislehurst on Saturday last, although A. Penn and H. Robertson, who each made 28, must not be overlooked.

The annual Jockeys v. Press match was played at Brighton on Monday. All bets in this contest are decided on the first innings, and the "paper stainers" landed the event by three runs only. J. H. Smith for the "Fourth" with 30 was highest scorer, whilst "Bobby" T'Anson's 50 made most for the riders. Full score:—Press, 49; Jockeys, 46 and 119 (five wickets down).

United North of England beat Fourteen Gentlemen of Liverpool, despite the fact that the latter had the services of the brothers Steel, by 65 runs. Scores:—Gentlemen, 124 and 50; United North, 83 and 156.

Bicyclists have been having a very bad time of it lately, accidents having been very prevalent. At Brighton, on Saturday, in the Three Miles Open Handicap, a direful contretemps occurred. In the final heat, when only a lap had to be covered, T. Kyle, of the Arion R.C., 75 yards, had just gone to the front when he came down, and Wyndham, of the L.B.C., who was scratch man, came to grief; a zealous "Queen's messenger in blue" rushed out to remove the last-named, and came into collision with Sharpe, of Croydon, 30 yards, and knocked him over. Sharpe remounted, and managed to reach the winning-post by about a yard from E. Reynolds, Dark Blue B.C., 120 yards, but it was then discovered that he had broken his collar-bone. Meanwhile Wyndham had been removed to a friend's house in a delirious state, and I regret to hear that it is feared that he has sustained severe internal injuries, besides a broken scull, whilst Kyle fractured his left wrist in two places. Kyle, from the 25 yards mark, had previously won the Mile Handicap easily from A. Tarling, Pickwick B.C., 10 yards, whilst Sharpe, 10 yards, and Reynoldson, the same mark, made a dead heat of it for third place. H. Moore and Brown won the club events.

At the Stanley Club meeting, held at the Alexandra Palace on the same day, J. N. Taylor won the Fifty Miles Race, by four miles, in 3h 15min 24½sec.

Barnes and Mortlake Annual Regatta was but poorly attended last Saturday, the outside public seemingly having lost all interest in what was once one of the most popular of the up-river réunions. W. F. Sheard, of the London R.C., won the Junior Sculls; W. D. Evanson, of the same club, the Seniors. A four stroked by J. A. Drake Smith carried the Thames R.C. colours to the fore in the Junior Fours; and the same society, J. Hastie being in command, took the Seniors; whilst the Eights fell to London, who were captained by A. Hurrell. Several fouls occurred—in fact, the Challenge Fours were quite spoilt by the Avon crew, who fouled both the winners and London.

Kempster and Feeley are posting up their money for their hundred a-side match, the former doing his work in the Wear, whilst the latter has selected Walney Channel as the spot on which to do his training.

Several below-bridge regattas have taken place during the week, but they scarcely call for notice in this column.

Originally commenced on Monday, June 30, the Grand International Lawn Tennis competition was concluded on Monday last. I was not myself able to attend the matches, but those who journeyed to the "Hyde," Hendon, tell me good play was shown. The following notes, culled from a contemporary, may be interesting to followers of the game:—Starting with a goodly list of stewards, and an entry for the Level Championship prize of thirty-four players, amongst them some of the best in England, and with an equally numerous entry for the handicap event, prospects looked bright, and the management, who had spared no pains or trouble in preparing their grounds for the reception of players, as well as spectators, were promised a satisfactory termination to their efforts, granted only fine weather. This was denied them, and, in consequence, the competitions which should have been finished on Saturday, July 5, have but just been brought to a conclusion. In the level competition for a Championship Cup, value 20 guineas, and a second prize value 5 guineas, Mr. Edgar Lubbock and Mr. L. R. Erskine were the two last left in, and on Thursday last they played their final match, the first-named winning with comparative ease, Mr. Erskine being not at all in his usual brilliant form. During the meeting it was proposed and agreed to give a prize for ladies exclusively, and on Monday week the final round was played between the two Misses Cavan. The introduction of ladies' matches into a tournament of this description was a novelty never before attempted in England, though in Dublin it has been done with great success. For the handicap entries to the number of 37 had been obtained, including many of those who had competed for the level event. No doubt the repeated postponements caused many of the players to "scratch," but in spite of comparatively few putting in an appearance many excellent matches resulted, and the play in the final round was most interesting, Mr. Otway Woodhouse defeating Mr. F. G. Horne by three sets to one. Some of the rallies in this round were most exciting, and Mr. Horne showed greatly improving form, though not able to contend successfully against his opponent's service and volleys. The first set was won by Mr. Woodhouse by six games to two; the second, which was called five games all, also fell to him at two games love. In the third Mr. Horne was more successful, and proved victorious by six games to four, many of the games being called deuce, but in the fourth set Mr. Woodhouse went out and won the 20gns. prize by six games to four. For the racket, Mr. Lawford, Mr. G. H. Rawson, and Mr. Cole were left in on Saturday, and after some pretty play Mr. Lawford beat Mr. Cole by two sets to love, and then played Mr. Rawson. Mr. Lawford in his match seemed a little overpowered by the hard work he had got through and the comparative heaviness of the ground. After a very closely-contested match, Mr. Rawson carried off the prize, two sets to one, the last set being most exciting, sixteen games having been played, both the last being called deuce. In conclusion a word of praise is due to the umpires who kindly officiated in a most self-denying manner all through the meeting. The stewards of the meeting were Viscount Hinchinbrook, M.P., Lord Cardross, Viscount Macduff, M.P., Hon. Michael E. M. Sandys, Sir William Hart Dyke, Bart., M.P., Messrs. C. E. Boyle Henley, C. Clarke, Th. D. Cotes, John R. Dament, Charles Farmer, Gerald Paget, and R. D. Walker. Hon. Sec., Mr. C. C. Boyle.

Last Thursday, I paid a visit to the Alexandra Palace to witness three races promoted by the Star Bicycle Club. The first event was the Ten Miles Championship, which fell to J. H. Pullen, who won easily in 37min 5secs from C. Sewel and four others, and he was also successful in the Five Miles Handicap from scratch, landing by a hundred yards from a very promising youngster, S. Smiley 325 yards, who would have given him a lot of trouble had he not have had to ride quite half the distance with a loose treadle; the time was 17min 45secs. In the One Mile, J. S. Gardner won easily from three others, the only one who could have caused him any uneasiness, E. Hammond, falling.

TURFIANA.

THE pedigree of Isonomy, as set forth in a daily contemporary, must furnish ample food for reflection to those interested in breeding problems. To the great majority of so-called "racing men," it matters but little how the horses which carry their money are bred; not more so than the names of the makers of the cards with which they beguile the tediousness of a journey from one race meeting to another. But for those who study more than bare results, there are always lessons to be learned from equine genealogies; and that of Isonomy is an especially striking one, illustrating as it does the theory of in-breeding, which has raised a war of words on more than one occasion, and will continue to provoke animated discussion among breeders to the end of the chapter. It will be seen that Oxford, the paternal grandsire of Isonomy, was a Birdcatcher horse, and that Sterling was the result of a fusion of Birdcatcher with Touchstone, a cross which has produced many great winners, more especially in the case of Stockwell, nearly all of whose best scions were out of Touchstone mares. Sterling then, in order to produce Isonomy, was mated with Isola Bella, a Stockwell mare, the Ascot and Goodwood Cup winner thus running up to Sir Hercules on both sides of his pedigree table. But Isola Bella, too, was the result of Sir Hercules upon Sir Hercules, her dam being Isoline by Ethelbert (a son of Faugh-a-Ballagh); and not only this, but Isoline was similarly in-bred, her dam, Bassishaw, straining back to Miss Whinney, also by Sir Hercules, so that the name of the last-mentioned celebrity figures no less than four times in Isonomy's pedigree, proof positive that, in some cases at least, we cannot have too much of a good thing. It is not a little singular that Sterling should have been so long about making his mark at the Stud, but it may, perhaps, be traced to the fact of his having been placed at rather a prohibitive figure by his owners, who by this means secured almost a monopoly of his produce, and of this they seem bound to reap very substantial benefits.

After a drenching morning on Thursday the weather kindly held up for the remainder of the Cup day at Goodwood, and there was the usual display on the lawn, while the general public also mustered in goodly numbers. The odds laid on Zut for the Racing Stakes were never in danger, neither Abbot of St. Mary's nor Strathern being capable of extending the Frenchman; and again was the star of backers in the ascendant when they laid 11 to 8 on Edmonstone against Saltier in the Bognor Stakes. In the Chichester Stakes Cradle, despite his penalty, was once more heavily supported, Trappist and Sir Joseph being next in demand, but Rosbach upset the Stanton pot this time, while Grand Flaneur ran an indifferent third. The winner has always had a bit of form about him, but has been some time in reserve, and not without sharing the improvement noticeable in so many "strangers" when Robert of Russley takes them in hand. The Selling Stakes fell to Dreamland, who started an equal favourite with the Laverstoke colt, but beat him cleverly at last; and this cleared the ground for the great event of the day, which attracted half a dozen to the post. With the exception of Isonomy, however, there was nothing with any claims to be

registered A 1 in the field, for Touchet, Reefer, and Parole are merely high class handicap horses, while Peter has lately been trained merely for short cuts, and The Bear is only a "reformed" hurdle-racer and steeplechaser. It was small wonder then that the odds against Isonomy shrunk to 6 to 4 at starting, and still less so that he made a terrible example of his opponents, who rolled in behind him at all sorts of paces, from a helpless gallop to an exhausted trot or ignominious walk in with the crowd. Isonomy looks like sweeping the board of Cups for some time to come, and he may rival The Hero's feat of carrying off the Ascot, Goodwood, and Doncaster trophies, while it is even betting that he excels that performance by pulling off the triple event in one year. French surprises have been so common of late that some few lucky ones had a trifle on Japonica for the Singleton Stakes (mindful of Jennings having taken the measure of Out of Bounds with Phenix in the July week); and the Phantom Cottage filly won in a canter, with Alchemist a long way in the rear, which further makes confusion worse confounded in estimating three-year-old form. Bend Or having been wisely withdrawn from the Rous Memorial Stakes, the weight of metal went on Robert the Devil, who very easily disposed of Dora and the Wild Flower colt, and placed over £2,000 to Mr. Brewer's account. Blanton must have here a remarkably strong two-year-old hand (for there are rumours of other clinkers in reserve), and Robert the Devil is by the handsome Bertram, a former denizen of the Station Road Stable, by the Duke out of a Promised Land mare; so that he cannot be termed fashionably bred. In the Three-Year-Old Bentineck Memorial Lord Falmouth won his first race at the meeting with Muley Edris, beating Dalnaspidal II. and a nameless colt; and Broad Corrie walked over for the Stakes for four-year-olds "of that ilk," concluding a fair day's sport.

On Friday the time-honoured Nassau Stakes was contested by four fair-class fillies, and the distance being within the compass of Reconciliation, she had a very slight call of Ellangowan in the betting, fully justified in the result, for Fordham had the Aske filly dead settled as soon as it came to racing, and the "demon" has invariably been lucky when sailing under the sable banner of Bowes. A second event fell to Fordham in the Nursery Stakes, which he pulled out of the fire for Mr. Grettton on Draycott; and seeing that both Gil Blas and Scot Guard were behind the young Nuneham, the form must be reckoned pretty good, and what with winners by Sterling, Playfair, and Nuneham, the old Birdcatcher blood through Oxford is making palpable headway. Yet a third time did Fordham pull his backers through in the Queen's Plate, this time in Mr. Crawford's colours on Gilderoy, a useful stamp of animal, and one of the few Pell Mells which have done well, while that he stays well is amply proved by his easy defeat of a "sticker" like Mistress of the Robes, to say nothing of Abbaye and Lipscombe. Another unfashionably bred one ("half-bred" we ought to say), snatched the March Stakes from MacGeorge and Baroness, and this was Genista, by Moorlands, one of Lord Clifden's sons, and a useful sort of gentleman in the Beville stable. She made all the running, and won so easily that Mr. Crawford had to give 720 guineas for her, and doubtless she will do the Manton stable good service. Master Kildare's Chesterfield Cup performance was a good one, for though Villager was the first to catch the judge's eye, the Irish-bred chesnut was giving Mr. Naylor's colt no less than 37lb. for the year, and might have been nearer had Archer thought it worth while to persevere with his mount. The winner is by Young Trumpeter, who now and again presents us with a good winner; and Elf King struggled up third, but only on sufferance, the puzzle of the race being Lord Clive, whose change of ownership does not appear to have benefited him. After the everlasting Templar had won his usual selling race, and had once more changed hands (this time to Sir B. Dixie for 310 guineas), seven youngsters were stripped for the Molecomb Stakes, which proved the good thing it looked on paper for the penalised Brother to Ersilia, who was attended home by Pappoose and Milan, though Lancaster Bowman was most staunchly befriended. Last scene of all came the Goodwood Corinthian Plate, in which the favourite, Flavius and Rob Roy was split by the outsider, Wallingford, and Russley may be said to have held its own right well in the dual domain, with Bend Or, Douranee, Rosbach, Flavius, and Baroness; while Alec Taylor led back some good winners in addition to Bay Archer, and thus the right stamp of sportsmen came to the front during the week.

Things did not look very promising at Sandgate until the ring was formed after luncheon, when it at once became evident that the company was larger, and also included more buyers than on the last occasion. No finer afternoon nor fairer scene could well be desired, the magic circle being pitched on a sunny southern slope dotted with fine timber, through a vista of which sloping to the champaign below a huge green bastion of the South Downs filled up the background, and the sea breeze blew fresh and free over its bushy ridges, rendering the scene as enjoyable as it was beautiful. A novel feature in the sale, and one well worthy to receive full attention and consideration on the part of breeders, was initiated by Mr. Gibson, viz., that of sending all his yearlings shoeless in the ring. They had, as Mr. Tattersall said, all been measured for their plates, but none had ever been worn, and looking at the damage, in all cases serious, and in many instances irreparable, done to an important and sensitive part of the equine frame by injudicious early treatment, we consider Mr. Gibson's policy sound and rational. Purchasers can then adopt what treatment they choose, and the only drawback seems to be the chances of hard ground at home and accidents in travelling while in horse boxes. Still, the idea is a good one, for those, at least, who sell at home, and we may remark in passing that never were a lot of yearlings sent up in better condition for sale in all respects than those bred at Sandgate, their feet being especially well cared for, with abundance of horn, well open at the heels, and no brittleness nor contraction visible. The first few lots, of course, moved off rather slowly, No. 1 being sent back without a bid, and the Tynedale filly and Hermit colt only reaching moderate figures, while we were surprised to see the Chatelaine filly led out of the ring; for, though not on a large scale she is marvellously well put together, and certain to take her own part in the early struggles of next year. Mr. Bate will do himself no harm by his purchase of the Adrastia filly, and Mr. Farmer's first acquisition was the shapely Chartreuse colt, sadly too cheap to pay breeding expenses, but things brightened up a bit when the comely daughter of Themis came forward, and at last found her way "up the hill" at William Goater's bid of 270 guineas. Mr. Watson was content to take a plainish King of the Forest colt for 60 guineas, and it rather passes our comprehension why the Poste Haste colt by Rosierucian was allowed to go for 45 guineas to Mr. Martin; but this state of things happily did not last long, the brother to Preciosa waking bidders up all round the ring, but again "up the hill" he went for 520 guineas, and he will take his first lessons in galloping close to his old home. Robert Peck next cut in for Mantilla's brown daughter by the same sire, the Russley trainer showing his usual good judgment; but why the Adventurer-Reaction colt hung fire, and eventually found his way to Danebury for only 160 guineas, deponent knoweth not, though some took exception to his hocks; and doubtless it was a peculiarity of formation in respect of these which restricted competition for the Kingcraft-Rinderpest colt, who only brought

back to Mr. Gibson 260 of the 400 guineas he cost as a foal at Middle Park last autumn. A handsome little gentleman by Macaroni out of Fog went cheap to Mr. Beddington at a century and a half; and Peck thought well enough of the son of Macaroni and Miss Glasgow to bid up to a monkey for his possession, though many thought him inclined to fulness inside the hocks. Nothing improved so much out of the stable as the Teeswater filly, taken by Mr. Blagrove for 300 guineas, while the opposite may be said of the Sphinx filly, sold to Mr. Farmer for only three "ponies," but all were perhaps reserving themselves for the May Queen colt, quite the pick of the Rosierucians, and, it may be said, of the basket, which ultimately fell to Mr. Beddington's nod at a century under the thousand Mr. Tattersall hoped to squeeze out for him. Captain Macell gave over a "monkey" for the Hermit colt from Hue and Cry, by no means one of our favourites; and we would rather have taken the Melodious filly at 50 guineas, or her relation out of Lucelia at the 170 guineas advanced by Mr. Toulmin, the latter being one of the bargains of the afternoon; a lengthy, wiry youngster, full of character, and bearing a strong resemblance to old Voltigeur. The Sooloo filly, rather low in condition and still growing fast, was well purchased by Mr. Bate, and she may grow into something out of the common; while Mr. Langlands did not do amiss in giving 200 guineas for the Paganini filly out of Bonnie Katie, and we hope she may turn out as good as she is good looking. Mr. Farmer then took another look in, first for a clever Argyle colt out of Arabella, and then for a bony, upstanding son of Mandrake and Bell Heather, who will hunt if he don't happen to race, but he is a capital mover for so big a colt. A nice, level, Rosierucian filly out of Jolie was secured for only 50 by Mr. Francis, and we much preferred her to the heavy and clumsily built filly out of Popgun by the same sire, though both must yield in point of racing-like appearance to Hawthornedale's chesnut Exminster colt, for which Captain Macell had to give 270 guineas. For the sake of his dam, we presume, John Day became the possessor of King Lud's Pitteri colt for 30 guineas, a price which will do him no harm; but we thought 300 guineas a preposterous figure for the Favonius—Lizzie Distin filly, quite a little model, it is true, but most unlikely to attain sufficient size for racing purposes. For the rest prices ruled low, nor did the brood mares fetch anything approaching their value, as a rule, though Ramakin and Amadine both ran into three figures, and we believe they are destined for the foreign market. Captain Prime will, at any rate, take no harm by his purchase of Arabella and Miss Glasgow, as both were well represented by their yearlings, and neither is too old to mend upon her previous performances at the stud.

The sport shown at Brighton compares not unfavourably with the doings at Goodwood, most of the items in the programme attracting highly-respectable performers, and the weather, for a wonder, did not materially interfere with visitors to the popular reunion on the downs. Mr. Beville's colours are usually seen in front at this meeting, and accordingly in the Bristol Plate, King Stephen upset such good things as Flavius and King Sheppard with the utmost ease, but the winner, we take it, is too great a rogue to back with confidence. Douranee showed himself to be made of real good stuff when she gave 10lb and a head beating to the unlucky Early Morn in the Corporation Stakes, while Annie Chiel, who ran third, was also deemed good enough to back. In the Patcham Stakes none of the favourites ever showed prominently, and 10 to 1 might have been had against the chances of Titania II. and Fly-by-Night, who filled the two first places, with Reay third. Some very good class handicap horses were among the eleven which went in for the Brighton Stakes, and Villager was, of course, at once pitched upon as the good thing in the race; but Mr. Naylor's colt did not seem to relish the far tougher job than that set him at Goodwood, and could only finish an indifferent third to Advance and Seringa, of which the former, in Fordham's hands, cantered in the easiest of winners, and it is evident there if another good race or two in the gelding yet. Despotism beat a better favourite in Royal Letter for the Juvenile Stakes, her retaining fee from Sir J. Astley being 310 guineas; and in the Marine Stakes scramble, Preciosa, at the tempting odds of 10 to 1, upset the Cradle pet by half a length, with Pero occupying the third position. Zeltinger and Choctaw divided favouritism for the Maiden Plate, but they had to fill second and third places to the Carine filly, on which Fordham secured his third win during the day, and he seems invariably to be in good form on the Sussex circuit.

Seven races were the complement of Wednesday's card, a start being made with the Ovingdean Plate, for which eight had their numbers hoisted, and the favourite, Star and Garter, won from Jupiter and Bondsman. Titania II. followed up her success of the previous day by winning the Pavilion Stakes, and was bought in for 310 guineas; while a Hunters' Flat Race fell to The Owl, ridden by Mr. Crawshaw, Silas Wegg and Sir Morgan both being in front of Bristol, who started second favourite. As usual, there was some difficulty about finding sufficient starters for the Cup, but maiters were squared somehow, and Paul's Cray, Drumhead, and Monk obligingly brought up the rear of the Isonomy procession, Mr. Grettton's crack never being called upon to gallop, as at Goodwood, and it may be some time before he encounters a foeman worthy of his steel. Reay was made favourite for a Selling Handicap, but she had nothing to do with the finish, in which Echo II., Policy, and Mangostan figured as leaders in the order named; while the Brookside Plate fell to May Queen, beating a lot of winners in Dreamland, Es-sayez, Nightcap, Genista, and others, and so highly did the stable think of her that 910 guineas was readily forthcoming to retain the smart daughter of Onslow and Aminette. The Rottingdean Plate, another two-year-old event, was confined at last to the two Z's, Zuleika and Zeltinger, of which the former only won by a head, after a grand race, the Carine filly and Desdemona colt being close up.

The only feature of the St. Leger betting is the return to favour of Wheel of Fortune, who will, it may be presumed, now resume regular work for her Doncaster engagement.

Next week there will be meetings at Egham, Redcar, Wolverhampton, and Windsor, at the first-named of which there should be some interesting two-year-old racing, but a good many of the cracks may be in reserve, and it seems useless to attempt to make any selections so long previous to the decision of events.

Tuesday night

SKYLARK.

The Otter Swimming Club decided the third Novice Race they have held this season on Tuesday evening. E. Creation won by four yards from H. Willis. The captaincy, for which there are six entries, takes place in the Serpentine on Tuesday, the 12th inst., at 7.15 a.m.

LEAD POISONING.—Never was an award so well deserved as in the case of the Richardsonian Gold Medal, which has been conferred, through the Duke of Northumberland, by the Sanitary Institute of Great Britain, on the Silicate Paint Company, of Liverpool and London, for their non-poisonous substitute for white lead. Everybody has heard of the fearful diseases which are induced in those who are engaged in the daily use of lead paints, and Mr. Thomas Griffiths, F.C.S., from whom the patent paint takes its name, is in reality the benefactor of a very large class of his fellow men by his invention. I have seen victims of lead poisoning writhing in agonies at the London hospitals, and I can therefore speak with emphasis of the value of such a preparation.—*Western Daily Mercury*.

PRINCIPAL RACES PAST.

GOODWOOD MEETING.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 1.

The NASSAU STAKES.—Mr. Bowes's Reconciliation (Fordham), 1; Ellangowan, 2; Radiancy, 3. 4 ran.
The NURSERY STAKES.—Mr. J. Grettton's Draycott (Fordham), 1; Gil Blas, 2; Scot Guard, 3. 5 ran.
The QUEEN'S PLATE.—Mr. Crawford's Gilderoy (Fordham), 1; Mistress of the Robes, 2; Abbaye, 3. 4 ran.
The MARCH STAKES.—Mr. G. Kruckenberg's Genista (Gallon), 1; MacGeorge, 2; Bowness, 3. 10 ran.
The CHESTERFIELD CUP (HANDICAP) value 300 sovs; added to a Sweepstakes of 15 sovs each, 5 ft; winners extra. Craven Course, one mile and a quarter. Thirty-eight subs.
Mr. Naylor's Villager, by Y. Trumpeter—Village Maid, 3 yrs, 6st 5lb (car 6st 8lb) Luke 1
Lord Hastings's Master Kildare, 4 yrs, 9st F. Archer 2
Mr. W. S. Crawford's Elf King, 3 yrs, 7st 2lb Gallon 3
Also ran: Belphebe, Thunderstone, Lord Clive, Flotsam, Greenback, Valour, Exmouth, Fortitude, Nottingham, Fragrance colt, Stichey.
Betting.—5 to 2 agst Master Kildare, 4 to 1 (at first 10 to 1) agst Villager, 9 to 2 agst Belphebe, 10 to 1 agst Exmouth, 100 to 8 agst Lord Clive, 100 to 6 agst Elf King, 20 to 1 agst Flotsam. Won in a canter by ten lengths. Bad third. Time, 2 min. 20 secs.
A SELLING STAKES.—Mr. W. Newhouse's Templar (F. Webb), 1; Sorcery, 2; Morven, 3. 3 ran.
The MOLECOMB STAKES.—Mr. H. E. Beddington's Brother to Ersilia (F. Archer), 1; Pappoose, 2; Milan, 3. 7 ran.
The GOODWOOD CORINTHIAN PLATE.—Lord Rosebery's Flavius (Constable), 1; Wallingford, 2; Rob Roy, 3. 13 ran.

CROYDON MEETING.

MONDAY.

The NORWOOD PLATE.—Mr. W. Burton's Priscillian (T. Lane), 1; Extinguish, 2; Edith Plantagenet, 3. 8 ran.
The HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Mr. C. Boynton's Arthur (Owner), 1; Laramie, 2; Eversley, 3. 7 ran.
The TWO-YR.-OLD PLATE.—Mr. W. G. Stevens's Miss Sayers (Luke), 1; Moss Rose, 2; Squib, 3. 8 ran.
The WOODBRIE PLATE HANDICAP.—Mr. C. Jones's Sleepy Eye (Greaves), 1; Delagoo, 2; Rupert, 3. 7 ran.
The SHIRLEY PLATE.—Mr. A. Yates's Danum (H. Barker), 1; Janeiro filly, 2; Heliotrope, 3. 6 ran.
The WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. W. G. Stevens's Ouse (Barlow), 1; Calabria, 2; Laburnum, 3. 6 ran.

RIPON MEETING.

MONDAY.

The TRIAL SELLING PLATE.—Mr. C. Mytton's Bate II. (Morgan), 1; Don Amadeo, 2; Lady Randolph filly, 3. 9 ran.
MATCH.—Mr. Vyner's Corolla (Osborne), 1; Invincible, 2.
The GREAT ST. WILFRID HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. R. Jardine's Roualeyn (Kellett), 1; The Rowan, 2; Minnie Langton, 3. 6 ran.
The NEWBY HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. W. Metcalfe's Wandering Willie (Heslop), 1; Miriam, 2; The Dean filly, 3. 6 ran.
The RED BANK PLATE.—Mr. R. C. Vyner's Cornucopia (Collins), 1; Brown Tom, 2; Dark Palm, 3. 6 ran.
The STUBLEY WELTER HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. R. C. Vyner's Looking Glass (Collins), 1; Fairy Queen, 2; Grecian Maid, 3. 9 ran.

TUESDAY.

The HACKFALL HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. H. Bragg's Grand Flaneur (J. Osborne), 1; Nellie Macgregor, 2; Miriam, 3. 6 ran.
MATCH.—Mr. Vyner's Fabius (Mr. A. Coventry), 1; Xavier, 2.
The CITY WELTER CUP SELLING HANDICAP PLATE.—Lord Durham's Palmerin (W. Wyatt), 1; Leona, 2; Queen of Launde, 3. 9 ran.
The RIPON INSKIPPERS' SELLING PLATE.—Mr. F. Bates's Lady Randolph filly (Kellett), 1; Shopboy, 2; Baker Pacha, 3. 11 ran.
The CLARO PLATE.—Mr. J. Osborne's Evening Chimes (W. Platt), 1; Queen Esther filly, 2; Cornucopia, 3. 4 ran.
The MEMBERS' HANDICAP PLATE.—Mr. R. Jardine's Roualeyn (Kellett), 1; Bainesse, 2; Looking Glass, 3. 7 ran.

BRIGHTON MEETING.

TUESDAY.

The BRISTOL PLATE.—Mr. C. Beville's King Stephen (H. Barker), 1; United Service, 2; Flavius, 3. 6 ran.
The CORPORATION STAKES.—Duke of Westminster's Douranee (F. Archer), 1; Early Morn, 2; Annie Chiel, 3. 9 ran.
The PATCHAM STAKES.—Mr. W. Parson's Titania II. (Glover), 1; Fly-by-Night, 2; Reay, 3. 10 ran.
The BRIGHTON STAKES (Handicap) of 15 sovs each, 5 ft. with 300 added; winners extra; the second to receive 50 sovs out of the stakes. About one mile and a half, over the Old Course. Forty-nine subs, twenty-four of whom declared forfeit.
Captain Macell's Advance, by Speculum—Progress, 6 yrs, 8st

G. Fordham 1
Mr. T. Brown's Seringa, 3 yrs, 5st 7lb Coates 2
Mr. Naylor's Villager, 3 yrs, 6st 10lb (in 10lb ex) Luke 3
Also ran: Belphebe, Kineton, Maximilian, Storm, Gilderoy, Sign Manual, Zuchero, Iron Duke.
Betting.—5 to 2 agst Villager, 3 to 1 (at first 5 to 1) agst Advance, 6 to 1 agst Maximilian, 10 to 1 agst Gilderoy and Sign Manual, 100 to 8 agst Storm, 13 to 1 agst Belphebe, 100 to 7 agst Zuchero and Iron Duke.

THE RACE.—Iron Duke, at a good pace, made play, attended by Storm and Gilderoy, a clear interval separating the last-named pair, Maximilian, Advance, Villager, and Seringa, with Kineton bringing up the rear. Making the descent of the Hill, Iron Duke took a slight lead of Storm, next to whom laid Seringa and Gilderoy, with Villager and Advance at the head of the remainder. In the Dip, Advance drew up on the outside, and, taking the lead at the distance, went on and won in a common canter by three-quarters of a length; a like distance separated second and third. Time, 2 mins. 50 secs.

The JUVENILE STAKES.—Sir J. D. Astley's Despotism (Fordham), 1; Lord of the Chase, 2; Cutty Sark, 3. 10 ran.
The MARINE STAKES.—Mr. Pulteney's Preciosa (H. Jeffery), 1; Cradle, 2; Pero, 3. 16 ran.
A MAIDEN PLATE.—Mr. Crawford's Carine filly (G. Fordham), 1; Zeltinger, 2; Choctaw, 3. 7 ran.

WEDNESDAY.

The OVINDEAN WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. D. Cooper's Star and Garter (Gallon), 1; Jupiter, 2; Bondsman, 3. 8 ran.
The PAVILION STAKES.—Mr. W. Parson's Titania II. (F. Archer), 1; Echo II., 2; Bishop Burton, 3. 6 ran.
A HUNTERS' FLAT RACE.—Captain Pigott's The Owl (Mr. Crawshaw), 1; Silas Wegg, 2; Sir Morgan, 3. 8 ran.
The BRIGHTON CUP, a piece of Plate, value 300 sovs, with 100 sovs for the second and 50 sovs for the third, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs each; certain winners extra; with allowances. Two miles over the Old Course. Seventeen subs, three of whom declared forfeit.

Mr. F. Grettton's Isonomy, by Sterling—Isola Bella, 4 yrs, 9st 10lb (in 10lb ex) T. Cannon 1
Mr. T. Jennings's Paul's Cray, 4 yrs, 9st F. Goater 2
Sir J. D. Astley's Drumhead, 6 yrs, 9st 4lb C. Wood 3
Mr. Porter's Monk, 5 yrs, 8st 11lb Fordham 0
Betting.—10 to 1 on Isonomy. The Monk at a good pace cut out the work, attended by Isonomy, at the heels of Mr. Grettton's colt being Paul's Cray, with Drumhead last. Before the dip was reached both Drumhead and Monk were done with, and Cannon giving Isonomy his head the son of Sterling romped away, and won in the commonest of canter by three-quarters of a length; a length divided the second and third. Time, 3 min. 44 sec.

A SELLING HANDICAP.—Capt. Macell's Echo II. (Constable), 1; Policy, 2; Mangostan, 3. 12 ran.
The BROOKSIDE PLATE.—Mr. W. Parson's May Queen (F. Archer), 1; Tempete, 2; Dreamland, 3. 9 ran.
The ROTTINGDEAN PLATE.—Mr. Cameron's Zuleika (Constable), 1; Zeltinger, 2; Carine filly, 3. 7 ran.

THURSDAY.

A WELTER HANDICAP.—Mr. G. Oliver's White Rose (Mordan), 1; Countess Murray, 2; King Stephen, 3. 8 ran.
The KEMP TOWN PLATE.—Mr. G. Lambert's Fontenoy (C. Wood), 1; Haggis, 2; Cutty Sark filly, 3. 10 ran.
The PRESTON HANDICAP.—Lord Anglesey's Dunmow (T. Cannon), 1; Censer, 2; Ramsbury, 3. 9 ran.
The STREWARDS' CUP.—Captain Macell's Advance (F. Archer), 1; Favo, 2; Fortitude, 3. 8 ran.
A SELLING HANDICAP.—Mr. C. Beville, Jun.'s Saphira (Luke), 1; Mangostan, 2; Rapine filly, 3. 12 ran.
The CLIFTONVILLE PLATE.—Duke of Westminster's Douranee (F. Archer), 1; Vishnu colt, 2. 2 ran.
The MILE SELLING PLATE.—Mr. J. E. Carr's Fresco (R. Wyatt), 1; Littlehampton, 2; Priscillian, 3. 5 ran.
The ROUS STAKES.—Mr. T. Jennings's Japonica (Skerrett), 1; Master Kildare, 2; Kineton, 3. 3 ran.
HUNTERS' RACE.—Huntingfield, 1; St. George, 2; Drummer Boy, 3. 5 ran.

MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, whose Readings are so popular in London and throughout England, has recently added to his excellent repertoire, "Married in a Diving Bell," by Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry. This sketch, which affords a fine scope for Mr. Grossmith's humour, has been productive of great laughter and applause wherever it has been given.



ONLY A PARTIAL FAST.

OUR CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

WHEN I allude to Young Manchester, I do not refer to certain portions of that town which have grown up within a few years, and have as it were cut out a fresh mode of their own—



after the manner of Mr. George Augustus Sala's manner of treating "Young London," and the tradespeople living in neighbourhoods of the metropolis, so named by him, to glowing descriptions of the localities, warehouses, and wares. Neither do



I intend to indicate an allegorical infant notifying the juvenescence of the town, such as the infant Hercules of Sir Joshua Reynolds. I wish to refer to human Manchester. Not to that branch of humanity which I delineated in an inadequate

sketch of a pretty girl last week. It is her brother I mean, the young man who comes down after lamplight to be amused, and for whom amusements are chiefly supplied. In describing Young Manchester by aid of the pencil, I do not for a moment intend a portrait of any particular individual. I once had the misfortune to give a sketch of Young Stoke Newington, which was simply built out of fragments culled from the peculiarities of several of the young male persons I saw at a concert there. What was my surprise and anguish to find that several young male persons in that salubrious suburb were deeply touched by it as a personal matter, and in one or two cases, wherein the strong evidence of their sisters, and their cousins, and their aunts was brought to bear on the matter, an ample apology was demanded by Young Stoke Newington. I make this explanation, because I might fall into the same attitude towards Young Manchester (or he might fall into it towards me, which would be worse). Young Manchester, as he pursues his daily vocations, I have nothing whatever to do with; he must be hard-working, for the whole town (save the few men who "linger," and to whom I referred last week) is suggestive of serious and active business during the day. Indeed, the appearance of Manchester suggests that nothing but business could be attended to during the day. No gaudy restaurants lure the young to indulge in "the combination of wastes." For all this Young Manchester has his places of resort in the daytime, but they are just a little bit covered up. If he togeth, he buries himself underground, or slides round a dusky corner. I could not at first understand how it was that as he walked before me on the pavement he suddenly disappeared as though through a trap-door, or turned a corner the which when you arrived at and looked round had swallowed him up. The



mystery, however, is one that even the utmost stranger becomes acquainted with. The refreshment rooms are for the most part subterranean, and in the bowels of the earth Young Manchester maketh very jolly amongst himself. He even spends many golden hours in the absorbing sport of billiards, or shell out, or pool, or what not. But let us see him under the gaslight. But first we must divide him. There is Young Manchester, who goes home to dinner in the suburbs, and the town knows him no more until nine of the clock next morning. He spends much time in musical pursuits amongst his set, and we will leave him alone. The other part is the youth who lives in the town and frequently affects naval attire. He is joined at night by a few of the black sheep of the better class; but they become identical with him immediately on mixing. At night he becomes somewhat rascally and reckless, is much given to horseplay and practical joking, and is consequently frequently offensive. His chief amusements are centred in Oxford-street—opposite the legitimate theatres known as the Royal and Prince's (not Princess's, as I made it last week). There is the Gaiety Theatre, which is truly described as of "Varieties;" it has a General Manager named Mr. Will Vale (though the burlesque and ballet are "under the Personal Direction and Management of Mr. Edward Garcia"), and it also has a Bill Inspector named Mr. Gilbert Murray, "to whom all applications respecting same must be made." One would think that under these auspicious circumstances Young Manchester would be supplied with something wholesome in return for the recognition he accords to the Gaiety Theatre of Varieties by crowding it to suffocation. He is certainly offered plenty for his dime. On the programme in my possession I find that there are twenty-one various and distinct performances, including several ballets and beautiful tableaux. I am glad to say I had no particular reason to spend any considerable time in this Elysium. It is frowsy, and as for the portions of the performances which I did witness, including the singing of a lady who is sufficiently refined as to describe herself as "the Female George Leybourne," and a ballet—well! for indelicacy and

broadness of vulgarity commend to me both these. Young Manchester hies himself to the Argyle Assembly Rooms and Skating Rink. It opens at 10.30 every evening, and immediately fills with a pleasant admixture of Young Manchester and his favoured fair ones. During the day "the Rink," I should fancy, did not offer much attraction to visitors, and at night, as the places of refreshment close at 11, the half hour of its existence, though



short, must be, one would suppose, sweet. Out of it come shoals of the fair cotton spinners, and the other ladies who perhaps have taken up quite another thread of life altogether apart from trade, and which is—save the mark!—described frequently as a profession. Young Manchester is now very much to the fore, and indulging



in a playful style of banter and horseplay with the ladies, all of whom he seems intimately acquainted with. He has but a few minutes before the houses of entertainment are closed, and as they are very crowded, and he is getting very noisy, we will leave him and his Amaryllis in the shade that is falling upon them.

FAMOUS HOSTELRIES.

(Continued.)

THE OLD "MOTHER REDCAP" IN CAMDEN TOWN.

It is considerably less than a hundred years ago since the inhabitants of this huge metropolis, this "province of houses"—London—now represented by more than three millions five hundred and ninety-seven thousand persons, was estimated at one million. And this astonishing increase in population of course represents a proportionate increase in habitations, spreading out the metropolitan boundaries of brick and mortar in every direction; swallowing up outlying hamlets and villages with a greedy, insatiable appetite, eating away every green thing, bit by bit, with a locust-like passion for destruction.

Hence, too, the rusticity of suburban districts is no more. The little rows of cottages; the low-browed roadside taverns with horse-troughs and swinging signs; the old-fashioned farm-houses and wainscotted country villas, the trees, hedgerows, and fields; the ponds, and patches of picturesque woodland; the great barns and clustering outhouses, pig-styes and cow-sheds, pleasure gardens and market gardens—all have either been long since built over or swept away. And yet not so very long since, for old folks are living still who saw them go and like to talk about them.

Here, for instance, is a drawing made from a sketch taken in Camden Town about eighty years since, of a spot now as stony-hearted, busy, and crowded as any in the heart of London. It is "The Old Mother Red Cap," a still famous hostelry, standing close by the new Park Theatre (once the Alexandra, which Mr. Douglass is fast improving into popularity), a little house of great renown which was demolished within a week, in the year 1809, to the great surprise and dismay of crowds of Cockneys, who came on the following Sunday to take tea in its arbour, according to a custom which had existed for generations. They gazed, and gaped, and looked one upon another in speechless astonishment, for the very ground was completely cleared, not a brick remained, and back to London was a long and dusty walk. "The Old Red Cap" was, however, speedily re-erected, and the gardens were again glorified by crowds of Cockney visitors.

In the absence of strangers the place was then lonely and quiet enough. The only houses near it were a little group then—when the land was verdant—called Greenland-place, and now, when it is bound in stone and shut in with dreary walls, bearing the same name. It was not shut in then, for from its windows, so says an old resident, and through a telescope, you could see the clock of Islington Church distinctly enough to name the time. Close by it was the pound, for stray cattle, and almost facing it was the village stocks and whipping-post. Where High-street is stood a shop or two amongst trees, and it had a little chapel of its own—quite a toy chapel—amply illuminated on winter evenings with a dozen "long sixes," which it was the business of the old pew-opener to snuff, and which she sometimes snuffed out. When the preacher leant over his tub-like pulpit he could touch the people in the nearest pews with his hands, if not with his sermon.

I have said "The Old Red Cap" was in Camden Town. Strictly speaking it was not, for Charles Pratt, Baron Camden and Viscount Bayham, had not then laid out for building the town to which his name was afterwards given. In short, the town did not exist.

When the spot it occupies was a wild, solitary, and altogether deserted one, with few roads, of evil repute, the house, afterwards enlarged and converted into the hostelry of our engraving, bore no sign, and stood there almost alone, inhabited by one Jacob

Bingham, a bricklayer sometimes, sometimes a pedlar, and what else was rather suspected than known. His wife was the daughter of a Scotch pedlar, and "a witch," a teller of fortunes and worker of charms. Jacob, it is said, built the house on waste ground which nobody cared to claim. In time it became a meeting and hiding place for London thieves and highwaymen. From it one of the most famous of that class, Mary Frith, the Highway woman, alias "Moll Cutpurse, the Roaring Girl," she whose "merry pranks" figure in some of the fine old seventeenth century plays, and to whom Shakespeare alludes in *Twelfth Night* (act 1, scene 2), rode out to collect unwillingly-given tribute, dressed, as she commonly dressed, like a man. To it she came for secret hiding when London was too hot to hold her, when her companions on the Banks, amongst the players and play-houses, minstrels and vagabond wanderers of all classes, gave her timely warning.

Moll appears to have been the daughter of a shoemaker born in 1584, dead in 1659. In February, 1611, she did penance at Paul's Cross for some forgotten offence. Among other daring exploits she robbed, assisted by others, General Fairfax, on Hounslow Heath, for which she was sent to Newgate, but was liberated without trial, and when she died, of dropsy, at her own house in Fleet-street, "next to the Globe Tavern," this loyal bawd, bully, thief, and receiver of stolen goods left by will £20, that the conduit might run wine on the expected return of "merry" Charles II.*

Jacob, the mysterious bricklayer, and his Scotch witch-wife had one daughter, whose name was Jenny, and it was she, not Molly, "the Roaring Girl," who gave the hostelry of our sketch its lasting fame.

When Jenny was sixteen years old, a man named Colter, nicknamed Gipsy George, seduced her. He was a desperate fellow, who lived no one knew how, a great trouble to magistrates. They lived together until he was hung for sheep stealing at Tyburn.

His successor was a man named Darby, a drunkard, who, ill-using Jenny, was suddenly missed, and no one ever discovered what had become of him.

Then Jenny associated herself with a third man, named Pitcher. Who or what he was no one knew. His body was found crouching in the oven, burnt to a cinder. She was tried for his murder, but acquitted, for it was shown that, to avoid the tongue of Jenny—then called the shrew of Kentish Town—he had often concealed himself in the oven, and consequently might have been fastened in by accident. Poor wretch! although her tongue made it "hot" for him, the oven made it hotter.

Then all Kentish Town was startled by the mysterious death of a certain maiden, which could only be accounted for by witchcraft. Mother Bingham was accused of her death, was condemned for the crime, and so was her husband, so that both were taken in a cart to Tyburn, where, after much hooting, pelting, and cursing at the hands of their old neighbours and others, they were hung.

And after the death of her parents Jenny was utterly alone. All the people shrank from her in loathing and terror. Not one of her old companions came near the outcast house. And she shrank from them. Only at night was she seen creeping through the gloomy lanes, or under the hedges, gathering herbs and roots, of course, for working potent charms, else why by night? How she subsisted was a question none cared to solve; the devil looked after his own, not they.

* John Day wrote "A Book of the Mad Pranks of Merry Moll of the Banks," entered at Stationers' Hall in 1610.

One night an outcast like herself, hunted by men thirsting for his blood, came to her solitary house on the waste, imploring shelter and hiding, offering money, of which he had plenty. There was nothing new in this. Jenny concealed him until the danger was over, and he lived with her in pity, or gratitude, or who shall say what, for many years.

At length he died. The neighbours, fearing and hating the witch's daughter, said he was poisoned. Therefore an inquest was held. No poison was found in the body, and to the horror of her accusers the justice set her free. As no poison was found, she, of course, had charmed him to death. That's clear.

So Jenny lived on, growing very old and awfully ugly, becoming known far and wide as "Mother Damnable." With a red cap upon her hideous head, wrinkled and sallow, shaggy of brow, sunken and bleared of eye, huge of nose, wide of mouth, and sullen of look, she would lean over the hatch of her door, wearing a cloak of grey frieze, fantastically patched with black—some said with bats—and rail at the rabble, whose delight it was to bait her as if she were a wild beast.

People came secretly from London to have their fortune told by Mother Red Cap. The superstitious brought their sick to be healed by her supernatural charmings. She became quite an institution. Her only friend and companion was a big black cat—of course her familiar, the fiend.

But one day the devil entered her house in his proper person. Hundreds of men, women, and children, who, in some mysterious way chanced to be on the lonely spot, were ready to swear they saw him enter. Not one ever saw the fiend come out!

So on the following morning some, with much caution, fear, and trembling, ventured to enter her awful door, and there beside the fireplace, with outstretched arm and crutch, stiff, dead, was Mother Damnable—so stiff that the undertaker could not bend her limbs to place them in the coffin, but had, perforce, to break them.

On the hob was a teapot full of herbs and liquid. They gave it to the terrible black cat of which they had long gone in fear. In two hours the animal's hair began to fall off, and soon after it died. I wonder that they gave the witch decent burial.

How long it was before some crafty soul availed himself of the curiosity which brought crowds to see the house of old Mother Damnable and Moll Cutpurse, and the witch and wizard, who charmed the maiden to death, and were hanged for it at Tyburn, no one now appears to know, so far as I can find. It was a roadside tavern, with pleasure-gardens behind it, a very little time after, and known as "The Mother Red Cap,"† and so it remained until 1809, when, as I have told, it was rebuilt, as it was again in 1850, and once again since.

Such is the story of the latest addition to my list of Famous Hostelrys—The Old Mother Red Cap—and it strikes me that somewhere about it is a suggestion for a melodrama of local and stirring interest, for which a suitable house might be found in Park-street, Camden Town. What says Mr. Douglass?

A. H. DOUBLEYEW.

† There is in existence a rude copper coin or token, says Cassell's "Old and New London," dated 1667, with this inscription on it, "Mother Red Cap's in Holloway."

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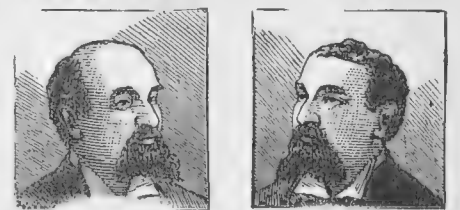
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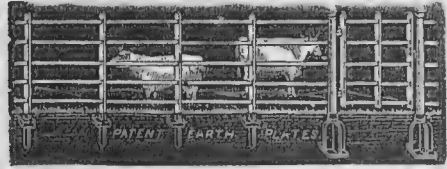
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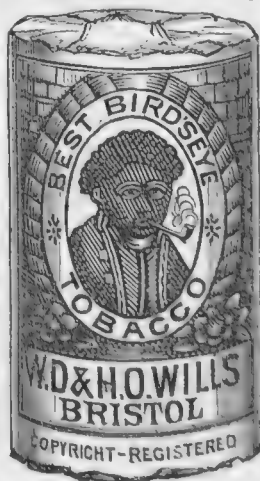


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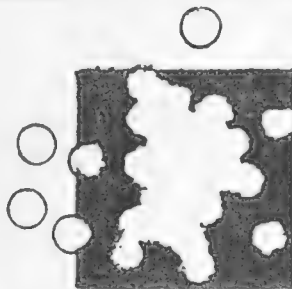
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SALES BY AUCTION, etc.

FRANT, near Tunbridge Wells.—The charming Freehold Residential Estate, distinguished as Woodside, comprising 90 acres of land, with a superior residence, delightfully situated upon high ground, in the immediate vicinity of Sherfold Park and Kridge Castle, the residences of the Hon. Percy Ashburnham and the Marquess of Aberghenny, by whose estates the property is principally bounded. It is within two miles of Frant and Wadhurst stations, on the South-Eastern Railway, and three miles from Tunbridge Wells.

MR. GEORGE LANGRIDGE (in conjunction with Mr. ARGYLE) has received instructions to SELL by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, E.C., on MONDAY, Aug. 18, 1879, at 1 for 2 o'clock (unless an acceptable offer be previously made), in One or Two Lots, an exceedingly beautiful and desirable Freehold Residential Estate of 90 acres, known as WOODSIDE, situate in one of the most fashionable neighbourhoods in the county of Sussex, surrounded by the estates and residences of noblemen and gentlemen, and little more than an hour by rail from London. The excellent and substantial residence, approached by a well-shaded carriage drive with entrance lodge, contains spacious and lofty drawing and dining rooms, library, large entrance hall, four principal and five secondary bed chambers, two dressing rooms, excellent kitchen and domestic offices, with large servants' hall, house-keeper's and butler's rooms, good cellars, &c., and conservatory. At a convenient distance is excellent stabling for five horses, two double coach houses, coachman's and gardener's cottages, laundry, dairy, and an extensive and very productive walled kitchen garden, with vine and forcing pits. There is a valuable chalybeate spring on the property, equal in its nature to the celebrated spring at Tunbridge Wells. The residence overlooks the large ornamental lake, which affords good fishing and boating, is surrounded by its extensive and tastefully laid-out pleasure grounds, and commands delightful views. The estate, which is situate in a ring fence, is well and picturesquely timbered, and the underwoods are well adapted for the preservation of game. On the farm known as Delvidere Farm, there is a good substantial farmhouse, newly erected ornamental cottage at entrance gate, out-house, barn, inclosed yards, cattle lodges, granary, waggon lodges, and other farm-buildings. The land, which is chiefly rich, undulating meadow land, affords several choice sites for building. The buildings and land are all in excellent order and condition. Possession may be had on completion of the purchase. May be viewed by cards only. Particulars, with plans, &c., may be had at the Auction Mart, London, E.C.; of Messrs. R. and A. Russell, Solicitors, 59, Coleman-street, London, E.C.; and (with cards to view) of Mr. F. Argyle, House and Estate Agent, Parade, Tunbridge Wells; or of Mr. G. Langridge, Estate Agent, Valuer, and Surveyor, the Great Hall, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

HAMPSHIRE, three miles from Odiham and Seven from Winchester Station, L. & S.W.R., a most desirable and compact Freehold Estate known as "Sheep-house," situate in the parish of Long Sutton, and consisting of 430 acres of sound Arable and Wood Land, lying in a ring fence, Farm Residence, convenient and well placed Agricultural Buildings, and Labourers' Cottages.

MESSRS. FREDERICK ELLEN and SON will offer by AUCTION at the George Hotel, Odiham, on TUESDAY, the 19th of August, 1879, at Two for Three o'clock in the Afternoon, the above very desirable and attractive Corn and Stock Farm.

N.B.—The Lands will be found in a good state of cultivation; the soil is of a highly productive character, grows an excellent sample of grain, and is unusually healthy and well adapted for Stock. The Property is intersected by good roads, abounds with wing and ground game, affording excellent sport, and is within easy reach of the meets of several packs of Foxhounds, the noted "Sheephouse" Cope being on the farm.

Particulars with lithographic plans and conditions of Sale may be had at the Auction Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, London, E.C.; of Preston Karslake, Esq., Solicitor, 4, Regent-street, London, and of the Auctioneers, the Mart, Andover.

HAMPSHIRE.—Five Miles from Andover and eleven from Newbury. An unusually desirable LANDED ESTATE (Freehold and Land Tax Redeemed), consisting of 134a. 2r. 14p. of excellent Arable and rich Pasture Land, with comfortable Farmhouse, Three Labourers' Cottages, the requisite Agricultural Buildings, and an enclosed Farmyard; also a Genteel Cottage Residence, with Stabling, Coachhouse, and large Garden, the whole being situate in the parish and village of Hurstbourne Tarrant, and only three miles from the Hurstbourne siding on the London and South-Western Railway. There are also valuable Common Rights attached.

MESSRS. FREDERICK ELLEN and SON have been favoured with instructions to SELL by AUCTION, at the Auction Mart, Andover, on Friday, 29th August, 1879 at TWO for THREE o'clock in the afternoon, in one or more lots the above desirable FREEHOLD ESTATE.—Particulars with plan and conditions of Sale may be obtained of Thomas Lamb, Esq., Solicitor, Andover, or of the Auctioneers, the Mart, Andover.

WILTSHIRE.—In the far-famed Pewsey Vale, two miles from a Railway Station. The WEST STOWELL ESTATE, an attractive and unusually desirable Residential Freehold and Tithe-free Property with a gentleman's residence, grounds, farmhouse, agricultural buildings, five cottages, together with 416a. 3r. 3p. of highly productive arable and pasture land, affording excellent sporting, and within easy reach of several packs of hounds—with possession.

MESSRS. FREDERICK ELLEN and SON beg to notify that they are instructed to offer the above valuable Estate for SALE by Private Contract in one or three lots. N.B. The desirable family residence, with ground stabling, paddocks, &c., in all about 8 acres, also a compact occupation of about 60 acres, portion of the above-mentioned Estate, will be sold in separate lots if desired; three-fourths of the purchase money may remain on mortgage. For further particulars and to treat apply to S. B. Dixon, Esq., Solicitor, Pewsey, or to the Auctioneers, the Mart, Andover.

HAMPSHIRE, within two miles of a market town, and two hours of London, a delightfully situated RESIDENTIAL ESTATE (principally freehold) with superior Family Residence standing high, and commanding beautiful views, pleasure grounds, stabling, &c., farmhouse, agricultural buildings, and six cottage dwellings, the whole embracing an area of 407a. 0. 39p., affording capital sporting, and being in a good hunting district.

MESSRS. FREDERICK ELLEN and SON are instructed to dispose of the above attractive Residential Property by private contract. If desired the Residence with stabling, pleasure grounds, and two paddocks, comprising about 18 acres, will be disposed of separately with possession on completion.

For viewing and further particulars, apply to Thomas Lamb, Esq., Solicitor, Andover, or Messrs. Frederick Ellen and Son, Auctioneers and Estate Agents, the Mart, Andover.

TRAINING STABLES AT RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.—TO LET, and may be entered upon immediately, the house called "Silvia Hall," with Stables, Haylofts, &c. There are three excellent loose boxes, and stabling for fourteen horses. —For particulars, apply to Edward Mason, Esq., Castle Hill, Richmond, Yorkshire; or to Dr. Lister (the owner), Haydock Lodge, Newton-le-Willows, Lancashire.

ANDOVER, HANTS, on the banks of the Anton.

MESSRS. FREDERICK ELLEN and SON beg to announce that the CRICKLADE ESTATE was NOT SOLD at the recent auction, and that the residence with stabling and pleasure grounds, and exclusive rights of fishing for about a mile in the Anton on both sides of the stream, and either with or without the whole or any part of the adjoining meadow and arable land, comprising altogether 65a. 3r. 24p., is to be let on lease or otherwise as from Michaelmas next.—For further particulars, and to treat, apply to Messrs. Garrard, James, and Wolfe, Solicitors, 13, Suffolk-street, Pall Mall, East, London, S.W., or of Messrs. Frederick Ellen and Son, the Auction Mart, Andover.

HORLEY, SURREY.—Midway between London and Brighton, on the main line.

MR. CHANCELLOR will offer by AUCTION, at the Mart, Tokenhouse-yard, E.C., on MONDAY, August 11th, at TWO, punctually (if not previously disposed of by Private Treaty), an exceedingly compact FREEHOLD PROPERTY, known as Baythorne, within a few minutes walk of the station, comprising a capital family residence or hunting-box, containing eight bed and dressing-rooms, four reception rooms, and offices, approached by a carriage drive, with lodge entrance. Lawn, flower garden, orchard, walled kitchen and fruit garden, excellent stabling, and most complete farm buildings, and a total area of forty-five acres, principally meadow and arable land, well timbered, a portion of which might be most advantageously utilised for building purposes. The property is situate in the heart of a celebrated hunting district, and offers great attractions, being only 25 miles from London Bridge, and a similar distance from Brighton. Possession on completion of the purchase. May be viewed by cards from the Auctioneer, and particulars, plans, and conditions of sale obtained at the Mart, E.C.; of Frederick Chancellor, Esq., architect and surveyor, 8, Finsbury Circus, E.C.; of J. M. Head, Esq., solicitor, Reigate, Surrey; and at the offices of Mr. A. Chancellor, auctioneer and estate agent, 1, King-street, Richmond, Surrey.

SHOOTINGS TO LET, ROSS-SHIRE.—The HOME SHOOTINGS of TULLOCH, extending to about 7,000 acres or thereby, of which 5,000 or thereby are hill and wood, the remainder low ground. The hill ground was not shot over last year, and there is a good prospect of grouse, blackgame, and other game; hares abound. The lodge cannot be given to the shooting tenant this season, but a comfortable small furnished house, containing two sitting rooms, four bedrooms, and dressing room, and conveniences, kitchen, and servants' accommodation; stabling, kennels, &c. The house is on the low ground, and about one and a half mile from Moor.—For further particulars apply to David Ross, Banker, Dingwall; or Messrs. Sowdie and Son, Inverness.

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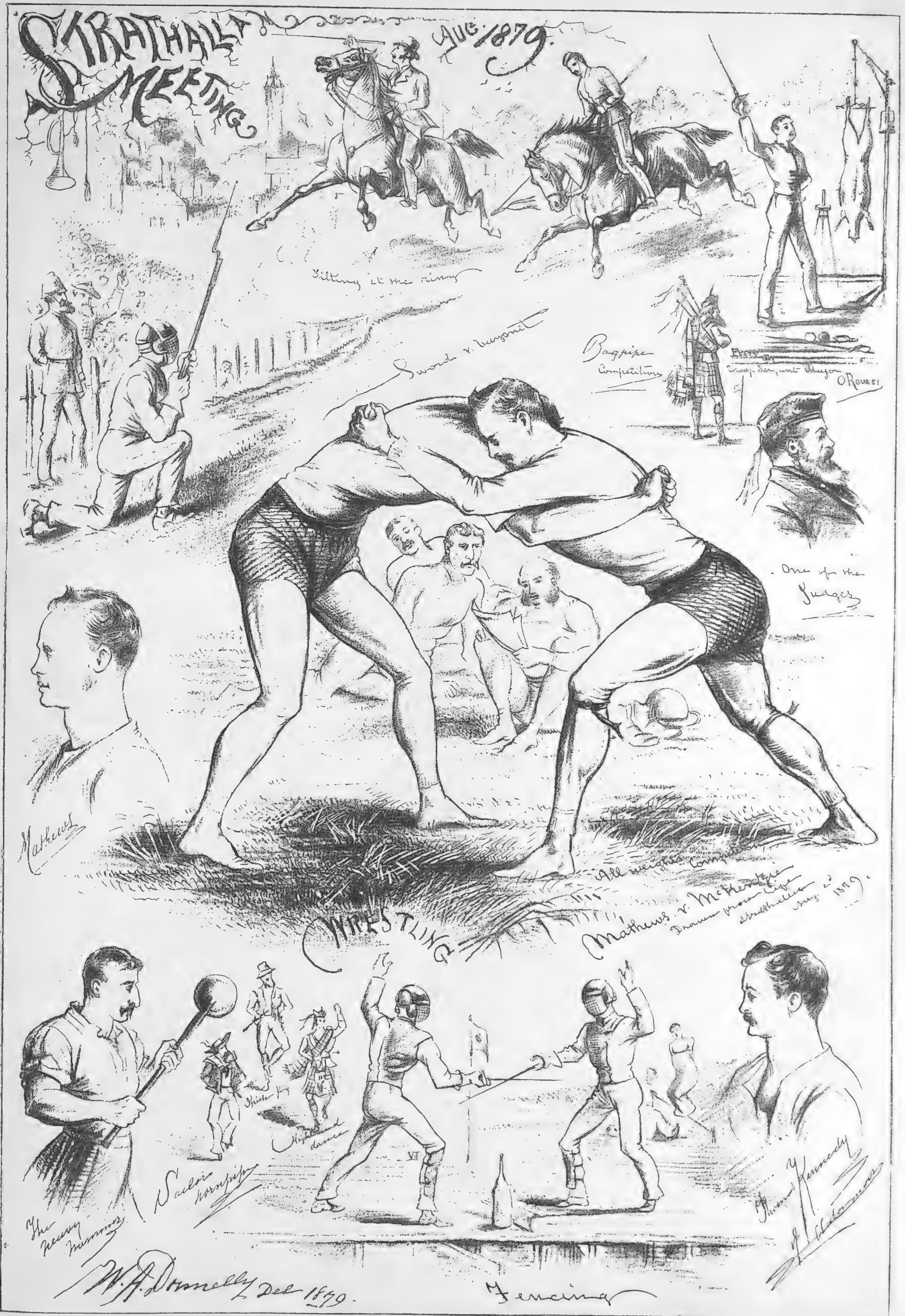
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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

It is particularly requested that all Letters intended for the Editorial Department of this Paper be addressed to the Editor, and not to any individual who may be known in connection with it; and must be accompanied by the writer's name and address, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DRAMATIC.

F. FRYE.—1. Mr. Boucicault's *Parish Clerk* was in three acts. It was written expressly for Mr. Joseph Jefferson, and was produced at Manchester on the 8th of May, 1866. 2. Procure Mr. Pascoe's "Dramatic List," published by Hardwicke and Bogue—now Bogue—of 192, Piccadilly, W.

W. J.—Miss Marion Terry made her first appearance, as Ophelia, at Manchester, in July, 1873. She made her *début* in London on October 4th in the same year, at the Olympic Theatre, in *A Game of Rumps*.

ALFRED.—Some say Mrs. Hill.

A. Z.—The lady's maiden name was Merritt.

OLD II.—*The Green Bushes* was written by Mr. Buckstone, and first performed at the Adelphi Theatre on the 27th of January, 1845. He had written other plays before that, notably one still well-known as *Luke the Labourer*.

JAMES E. GREEN.—Will reply next week.

E. F. G.—Not known.

R. M.—The coronation of George the Fourth was reproduced on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre as a grand spectacle, the dresses being in exact imitation of those worn by the chief personages who figured in it. Curiously enough the same spectacle was reproduced in America, with the same conscientious regard to accuracy of costume, etc., and was represented in most of the chief cities of the States, attracting large audiences.

MISCELLANEOUS.

S. E. H.—1. *Eureott* is a word of Saxon origin signifying a wood. 2. It was an ancient Welsh custom to carry a bell, and ring it by hand through the streets, just before the interment of a corpse, the bell itself being sacred to that purpose, and called *Bangu*. In Richard C. Hoare's edition of "Giraldus" he mentions a bell, said to have belonged to Saint David, which was then preserved in the Church of Glascom, at Elevein, a parish in Hertfordshire, and was called *Bangu*. A hand-bell, so-called, was common in all the Welsh churches before the time of the Reformation, which the sexton took to the house of the deceased on the day of a funeral, and rang at intervals before it on the way to church, the intervals being filled in by psalm-singing. After the Reformation this ancient custom was gradually abandoned.

G. CHIE.—Side-saddles were introduced for ladies in the reign of Richard II.

A. READER.—The quotation, "New-found old inventions," is from Hudibras.

CONRAD.—The *Printing Times* is published in Great Queen-street.

T. G. L. B.—Marcus Stone was born in 1840.

VENUS.—Mr. Anthony Trollope was born in 1815, and educated at Winchester and Harrow.

F. S.—No, thank you.

G. R. O.—Albums are ancient, not modern, inventions; we believe that they came to us originally from Germany. Amongst the Harleian MSS. an old German *album* or album was preserved, which in Wanley's catalogue is thus described:—"No. 933, a paper book in 8vo., bound long-wise, being one of those which the Germans call albums; and are much used by young travellers of that nation, who commonly ask a new acquaintance (even at first meeting) to write some sentence therein, with a compliment to the owner's learning, good sense, etc." One of the earliest English albums belonged to James I.

124.—We are unable to reply. The same answer applies to G. W. M., L. S. P., Ellen Major, and George Henderson.

F. G.—We saw the reply and thought it a very foolish and old-womanly one, quite unworthy of notice.

MUSICO.—Mr. Pinkerton wrote, "The English have always borrowed from Scotland, inasmuch that the national air of 'God Save the King' is a mere transcript of a Scottish anthem, preserved in a collection printed in 1682" called "Cantus, Songs, and Fancies." The claim has, however, been disproved, the air being very different.

THE ILLUSTRATED

Sporting and Dramatic News.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1879.

THE STUD COMPANY.

THE collapse of the Stud Company, as at present constituted—though it may doubtless awaken widespread feelings of regret among those brought into intimate connection with it, whether as shareholders or purchasers of yearling stock—will take few by surprise who have watched its progress from the first, or have latterly given ears to uncontradicted rumours of dissolution which have preceded the final catastrophe. No doubt heavy mortality among the blood stock collected at Cobham the winter before last, in addition to bad times, and consequently an indifferent sale last June, may have contributed to bring about the end earlier

than was anticipated; but enough was known, even among outsiders not professing to be acquainted with the secrets of the prison-house, to confirm the worst suspicions as to the soundness of the concern. It was therefore only left to the directors to "accept the inevitable," and to share the fate of many another apparently promising venture during the storm of depression which only the stoutest and strongest vessels of enterprise could hope to weather successfully. Into the short, though not uneventful, reign of the Stud Company at Cobham we do not purpose to dip deeply for the purposes of drawing a moral from its fate, for though heavily handicapped at first in the race for existence, there was no reason why the undertaking should not recover in course of time, while its aim and objects were as legitimate as its principles of trading were sound and reasonable. Nor could it be said to have started at an inauspicious time, having regard to the prices paid for high class yearlings and brood mares in 1872, and the generally prosperous and flourishing state of the Turf at that period, when insane plunging had given way to a more reasonable system of speculation, and when there appeared to be every prospect of a continuance of well-being in racing circles. The opportunity presented by the enforced dispersion of the Middle Park Stud had its drawbacks as well as its advantages, for while the collection was a magnificent one, containing the germs sufficient for more than one collection such as that then begun to be formed, prices were sure to rule abnormally high owing to private home and foreign competition for the pick of the Eltham basket. But inasmuch as the new company, on the scale announced for its formation, was bound (like Minerva emerging full-armed from the brain of Jupiter) to spring into existence forthwith, and as it were at a bound, and at once to fulfil its destinies and to exercise its functions of supplying the Turf with young thoroughbreds, it was obvious that here was a chance not to be neglected in the Blenkinsale sale, by purchasing largely at which the new venture might be deemed to assume the mantle of the great Kentish breeder, and in some sense to inherit the "goodwill" of his business. We are bound to say that, under Mr. Bell's advice, great good judgment and forethought were shown in the selection of sires, mares, and foals; and if they did pay for some lots "through the nose," lavish expenditure in a certain sense came back to them in the form of good advertisement for the new company. It was rightly felt that a good start was everything, and that it mattered little what extra money was spent, so long as those who found the ways and means got something really solid in exchange for it. The beginning of the trouble, however, may be traced to the fact, never yet attempted to be denied, that their capital was too small at starting, not indeed as intended and announced by the prospectus, but as ultimately subscribed, many apparently genuine promises of support having fallen through at the eleventh hour, while the general public did not take to the idea as it was anticipated they would do, and accordingly the shares fell into comparatively few hands, and these mostly of men more conversant with the "Stud Book" and "Racing Calendar" than with the principles of finance or mysteries of management and organisation. The amount borrowed, by way of mortgage debenture at high interest, hung like a millstone round their necks, and even after the extinguishment of the debt they were left in a crippled state, necessitating further help and "financing," which availed them nothing in the end. This is all the more to be lamented, because the undertaking undoubtedly had all the elements of success about it, as evidenced by the average of the company's sales since 1873; and it is a thousand pities that the directorate, in the first instance, was not vested in proprietors with more ballast, from a commercial and economical point of view, than those who took office. Still, ultimate failure cannot be laid altogether at their doors, and to lack of capital must be ascribed the difficulty experienced in making ends meet, to say nothing of providing dividends for clamorous shareholders. It did the company no good that the amount of yearly profits divisible and the rate of interest should be somewhat ostentatiously announced; while shares, offered for sale at a portentous discount, were being hawked about the country through the medium of the sporting press. The secret, however, was well kept, and as no "honourable proprietor" was heard crying out, things were assumed to be going at least fairly well, until at last ugly rumours no longer called forth indignant contradiction, and it was known and felt that the end was near. We have said that the venture had all the elements of success about it, and this, we think, was thoroughly and amply proved so far as concerned the managerial department, which has all along been conducted with singular ability and judgment. The gentleman holding this responsible office was not only an experienced purchaser, who knew the market and public tastes thoroughly and completely, but in the all-important capacity of salesman also carried out most energetically the duties he owed to his employers; and he may be described as emphatically the right man in the right place. At his recommendation the stud farm at Cobham underwent from year to year such improvements as to render it a sort of model establishment; and the horse-loving foreigner hastened to pay his first visit to the Surrey valley, as a sort of representative institution, where he was sure to meet with a hearty welcome and personal ciceroneship from the head of affairs. A goodly proportion of winners was annually turned out of this yearling seminary; and it is needless to remind our readers of the capital "hits" made by Mr. Bell in his purchases of Carnival from Germany and Wild Oats from Ireland (both at exceedingly moderate figures), to say nothing of the nice appreciation of public taste in England exhibited by the hiring of Blue Gown and George Frederick. Blair Athol, too, has been a tower of strength, no less than a mine of wealth, to the company; it is for such reasons that we record our regret for the step about to be taken, though we are free to confess that no other course was open to those having the control of affairs. We trust the rumour, now so freely circulated, may have some solid foundation—viz., that it is intended to reconstitute the company upon different "lines" to those originally laid down for its construction, and to make old materials available for the formation of a new Stud Company, so far as it may be deemed expedient

when the inevitable day of sale arrives. It is on selfish and sentimental grounds, perhaps, that we advocate the adoption of this policy; but if we err in this direction, we at least err in good company, so many are there who have expressed their regrets at the possible extinction of an interesting and valuable addition to the breeding centres of the country, a representative establishment of its kind, and one of which England may justly feel not a little proud.

CRICKET SKETCHES.

OUR UMPIRE AND HIS KNOTTY POINT.

OUR umpire's name is Willie Thompson—don't imagine from this that he is a boy, unless you place the adjective *old* before it, and then you will be nearer the mark. It is a way we Yorkshiremen have of retaining in old age the pet names of our boyhood. His profession outside the cricket field is that of earth-stopper to Lord —'s hounds; but once let his foot feel the closely shorn grass of the pitch, and the earth-stopper vanishes beneath the thoughtful and imperturbable air of the umpire. It has often afforded me food for thought as to what analogy there is between earth-stopping and umpiring. What are the easy steps which lead from the one to the other? I have ascertained that the duties of an earth-stopper are to ride round the country early in the morning before the meet and barricade the foxes' earths—a most unfair proceeding, as it appears to me. Now the duties of an umpire are to see that all is fair. Here is a contradiction on the outset. But there is one point of similarity which I have discovered; when a fox goes to ground in a drain, up comes the earth-stopper with his terriers, and soon has him out, and in like manner it is the duty of the umpire to see that the batsman *comes out* when he is directed. There may be other points, but at present I fail to see them. The fact still remains, Willie Thompson, the earth-stopper is our umpire. Could you see him as I have seen him on the morning of a match standing by the pitch, you would recognise him in a moment. There he is in a suit of light tweed dittoes, very tight trousers, high cut waistcoat, collar starched to the consistency of steel, snowy tie with a large horseshoe pin, and a low-crowned soft hat with large brim. He is smoking an old battered meerschaum, which always makes its appearance on match days, and superintending the measurement of the ground, and the marking of the bowling and popping crease. For in the wilds of Yorkshire we have no groundmen to see to these things; we do them all ourselves, and our umpires perform more of these primitive duties than do their brothers in the metropolis. See how carefully Willie measures the width between each stump with the new match ball he has just taken from his pocket. To him it appears a matter of the most vital importance that they should not deviate a hair's breadth one way or the other from the regulation width. He tenderly presses each stump into the ground as if he were planting a shrub or plant of the greatest value. Then he walks a little way behind them, closes one eye, and regards them carefully with the other to see that they are in a direct line with the set at the other end. Being satisfied on this point, he returns to them, and placing the bails in position, thus ascertains that they are the same width at the top as at the bottom. The bails are then returned to his pocket until the match begins. By the time his duties with regard to the preparation of the wickets are completed, the wagonette containing our foes for the day has arrived, and Willie having reloaded his pipe, walks off to find their umpire. For with him he has important matters to arrange, viz., the time stumps shall be drawn, the value of certain boundary hits, and the length of time to be allowed for lunch. All which matters having been arranged to their mutual satisfaction, they seek the refreshment tent to drink each other's health, and success to their respective teams, and to have some bread and cheese before the arduous duties of the day commence.

The toss has been lost and won, the fielders are in their places, and the batsmen are walking to the wickets as Willie again places the bails in their proper positions, and hands the new ball over to the bowler. Watch him on being asked for "guard," or, as it is generally called in our village, *guide*; first of all he ascertains from the bowler his peculiar form of delivery, then he places himself on the exact spot, in his own idea, where the ball will leave the bowlers' hand; he shuts one eye, and gazes a second or two fixedly with the remaining optic, and then utters his direction aided by sweeping motions of his hand.

"A bit t'right sir!" or "more to t'left," as the case may be. His feelings appear to be in a measure hurt if the batsman ventures to suggest that he wishes for "two-leg." "Two leg" in his eyes is not a safe guard. Had he his own way it would be "middle," and nothing but "middle" in every case.

At length all is arranged, the batsman has taken his final walk round the wicket, his final glance round the field, and is now in position, as Willie utters the mystic word "Play!" and the match commences. Willie is now, figuratively speaking, all eyes and ears; eyes, to watch each incident that happens, either of advantage or otherwise to the batsman; and ears, to catch the faintest "click" as the ball touches the bat or the glove of the player. But by no means the least of his duties, in Willie's estimation, is the computation of the number of balls that form the "overs," and to aid him in this he always carries five or six white stones, which he passes from one hand to the other, singly, as each ball is delivered. But now an appeal is made to him; two runs have been scored, and a third attempted, when the ball reaches the wicket-keeper's hands rather more quickly than one of the batsmen counted on; the wicket is down in a second. "How's that?" sharply cries the wicket-keeper. Willie pauses, and seems deliberating ere giving his answer. With him it is not a question which can be disposed of on the spur of the moment. On his answer the issue of the match may depend. He looks, and he thinks, and then having made up his mind, he slowly says "Out." There is no hurry about his decision, it is given after mature and careful consideration, and to that decision he will stick through thick and thin. And this reminds me of Willie's one real failing—he *will* argue. Supposing any of his verdicts during the course of the match are commented upon, he is up in arms at once, and instead of taking refuge under the impronable *egis* of the umpire's decision, he boldly comes out into the open as it were, and wages a wordy war with his opponent. One weapon he constantly has at his side on the cricket field, viz., "Lillywhite's Cricket Guide, with the Rules of Cricket as Authorised by the Marylebone Club." Deeply and carefully has he studied that little volume; most intimate is his acquaintance with it; and yet with all his knowledge he was sorely puzzled to decide upon the following case. We were playing a one-day match against Sledmere, and in our first innings had put together the respectable score of 157. Sledmere were now in, and by careful play had brought their total up to 127, with two more wickets to fall. We knew the match must be decided on the first innings, and in consequence were doing our best to bring the innings to an end as quickly as possible. The Sledmere captain, Walker by name, was batting at one end, and batting remarkably well. He had gone in first

wicket down, and as yet had frustrated every attack. Since he had been in, the score had risen from 24 to where it now stood, so he had plenty of exercise, and being rather stout, had grown remarkably warm,—so warm that he unbuttoned the front of his flannel shirt, hoping to gain a little more air. Parsons was bowling to him, and sent him one that rose uncommonly sharply. Walker played at it properly, but somehow or other, the ball instead of taking the direction it should have done, found its way through his open shirt front and lodged there. Half the field did not know what had become of the ball, but the sharp eyes of Morris, at point, had followed it, and he shouted to the wicket-keep to take it out. Here was a pretty predicament. Round came the wicket-keep, and round went Walker, always keeping his back to him; he dare not take it out himself, as that would be handling the ball, but he was equally determined the wicket-keep should not do it either; so round they went like a planet and its satellite, until a happy thought flashed across Walker, and he suddenly reversed the usual order of things, and stood on his head, kicking violently till the ball was dislodged and rolled on to the grass. "How's that for obstructing the field?" cried the wicket-keep. Willie took some time before he gave his decision, "Not out." He had never met with a case of this description before, and it bothered him a good deal. However, he gave it to the best of his opinion, though it did lose us the match, for Walker hit harder than ever, and did not give us another chance. For many a day after this was Willie's favourite theme of conversation on the field, until it came to be called, in chaff, "Our Umpire's knotty point."

SOMERVILLE GIBNEY.

VETERINARIAN.

FLIES AND HORSES.

If the reader were privileged to look behind scenes in general, and into the diaries or day-books of veterinary surgeons in particular, he would meet with this rather singular disclosure: that there are more wounds, especially punctured wounds, occurring to horses through July and August than in all the other months of the year together. The reason of this is not far to seek. Farm horses during these months are often turned into the fields for a holiday, to be teased by the flies and hot sun during the day, and cooled by refreshing showers and mists during the night. When a party of horses get together in a field, and the flies begin to tease them, they invariably break the monotony by having a lark among themselves, and if one of them shows temper or weakness, the rest make a set at him, and he leaps over any ordinary obstacle to escape from his tormentors. The part played by the flies is to set the ball rolling by tickling the hides of the horses, and making each horse seek a rubbing post in the person of his neighbour, and so the game begins. Rail ends, solitary stakes, and other projecting points they seem never to seek at these times, and punctured wounds are only too common.

Punctured wounds are the most dangerous of all wounds, because their outlet is small, and they burrow and tunnel no one knows where, so that the discharge, instead of finding a free opening to get out at, burrows here, there, and everywhere. The most troublesome one we ever saw occurred in a Yeomanry Cavalry horse that had been up at the year's drill at York. This horse, in a playful mood, no doubt, had suddenly had his curiosity roused, and tried with his teeth the texture of a strange stableman's nether garments. This gentleman objected, and deliberately fetched a two-grained fork and pricked the curious one on the back of the right ham. No notice was taken of this for over a week, as there was nothing seen; the fork had only just gone through the skin and deep fascia—which is very tense at this part—and had created no lameness or other illness. Discharge cannot penetrate deep fascia, so that in this case it could not get on to the surface, but burrowed all over the ham from tail to hock, and the horse almost lost his life. In all punctured wounds the unduly small opening should be remembered, and a quill, with a whole barrel, used to probe the sinus and find its direction or directions; then the external opening should be freely enlarged for a couple of inches, and a piece of hollow indiarubber tubing procured, about the thickness of a penholder or thereabout. This should have a lot of round holes punched through its sides with a shoemaker's punch, and then, after being lubricated with olive oil in which carbolic acid has been dissolved—one part of the latter to twenty of the former—it should be wormed as far as it will go up the wound sinus and cut off flush with the outer skin. This is a drainage tube, and is for the purpose of draining away discharge which otherwise would burrow and fail to find its way out. The tube must be taken out daily and washed, then re-oiled and put back again. As the wound heals, it pushes out the tube; so that after the tenth day, or before, it is found that a little piece has to be snipped off the tube almost daily. This effectually prevents loss of life, and its simplicity is undoubted. When punctured wounds are of larger dimensions they endanger life from direct shock at the time and for two days after. Physic has to be given early, and the diet restricted to mash and gruel for a week, and fomentations of hot water applied assiduously, as we described a week or two ago. Farriers' oils and such rubbish are usually introduced to the bottom of the wound on fine tow, placed on a whole barrelled quill, but it is better to introduce the tow, previously dipped into the carbolic oil we have just named, and let it remain for twelve hours each time before changing it. A very peculiar phenomenon is not unfrequently seen at this time of the year, when punctured wounds are received over the breast-bone between the fore legs. After such an accident, when the horse walks, air is sucked under the skin, and diffused all over one or other side of the horse, from ear to tail, so that on pressing on the distended skin a crackling sound is emitted. The appearance of the horse is quite grotesque, and there is much alarm on the part of the attendants. To prevent this—also to cure it after it has happened—an ordinary surcingle is to be strapped tightly round the body in the usual place behind the shoulders, when more air is prevented from entering, and the air, if in, gets absorbed in a few days. Quietude, green food, and a slight dose of medicine cures the affection quickly when a surcingle has been well strapped on, and there is no need for alarm, as the occurrence is quite harmless, and only gives rise to a little feverishness.

Fired parts are great sources of attraction to flies, and when attacked by flies are a reproach to the attendant, as it is only the discharge which attracts them, and this ought to be kept well cleaned away with soap and warm water, and saltless lard or sweet oil rubbed over the parts. Idle grooms are always wanting to know of some preparation which will keep off the flies. That is the way we have just named:—keep the parts free from discharge and the flies will have no fancy for the sound tissue left behind.

Denuded surfaces, vulgarly called sores, are much sought after by flies on account of the discharge which they throw off, which attracts the flies. By keeping this well cleared away and dusting it over with oxide of zinc, or, better still, with Keating's Insect Powder, the annoyance ceases. Many a life has been lost by the above simple precautions being neglected. A horse is teased into fury by flies, and gallops away to try to escape from his tormentors, in the first instance; then after awhile the

gallop is continued through fear (from a sense of breach of duty in running for his own ends) when in duty he should be standing still; that is, he first tries to escape from the flies, and after this he dare not stop knowing he never ought to have started.

The most unobservant must have noticed the skin of horses and cattle shake off flies by shaking to and fro with no little force. The skin is thus moved by a sheet-like covering or muscle on the flanks, etc., called *panniculus carnosus*. The hips, tail, unless very short indeed, and this muscle render it impossible for a fly to alight on any part where it cannot be dislodged. The feet and head are also brought into requisition. When, however, flies tease a horse very much, which has no sores upon him, it is because his skin wants cleaning. Flies have no object in attacking healthy living tissue, we repeat, so that there is *filth* somewhere when they furiously attack a whole skin or a broken one either, so that a furious onslaught is a reproach to the horse's personal attendant. A first cleansing after months and months of accumulation is a tedious affair, but we must remember that the man who combed his matted hair once a year was astonished at the frightful amount of pain which those must endure who performed this office daily. Flies, from the cause we have named, alight on the flanks, etc., which annoys a horse more than if the whole of the remaining part of his body were covered. Our last words on this subject to horse-owners are these: teach the attendant on your horses that flies have no strong liking for thorough cleanliness.

CHESS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. H.—Many thanks for your letter. We shall be very pleased to receive the games.
SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 240.—J. G. and Juvenis are correct.
* Several answers deferred to next week.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 239.

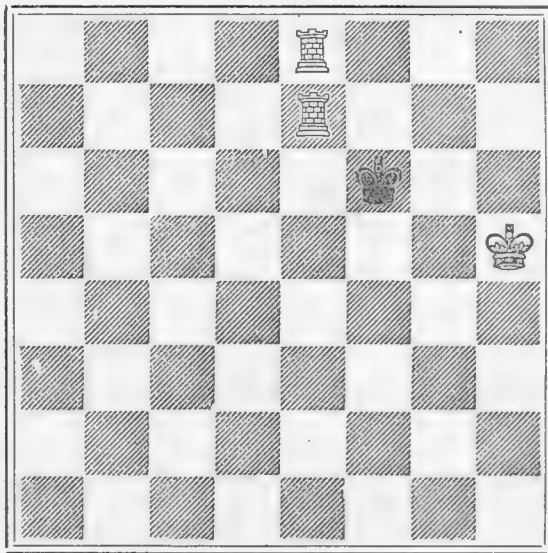
- | | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. K to Kt 3 | K to B 4 (a) |
| 2. Q takes P | K to Q 4 or 5 |
| 3. Q to B 4 (mate). | |
- (a)
- | | |
|---------------------|----------|
| 1. | K to B 3 |
| 2. Q to K 4 (ch) | K to Q 2 |
| 3. Q to K 8 (mate). | |

PROBLEM No. 241.

By E. J. L.

A VERY ingenious puzzle, which some of the best players have failed to solve:—

BLACK.



White having moved last, to retract his move and mate.

CHESS IN LONDON.

The following lively game was played a few days ago at Simpson's Divan, between Mr. Macdonnell and Mr. B., the former giving the odds of Q Kt:—
[Remove White's Q Kt.]

- | | | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|--------------------------------------|--------------------|
| WHITE.
(Mr. Macdonnell.) | BLACK.
(Mr. B.) | WHITE.
(Mr. Macdonnell.) | BLACK.
(Mr. B.) |
| 1. P to K 4 | P to K 4 | 22. B takes P | Kt to Q 5 |
| 2. B to B 4 | B to B 4 | 23. B to R 5 | P to B 6 |
| 3. P to Q 3 | Q to B 3 | 24. K to Q 2 | B to Q 3 |
| 4. Q to K 2 (a) | Kt to K 2 | 25. R to K sq | R to Q B sq |
| 5. Kt to B 3 | P to K R 3 | 26. P to B 3 | B to B 5 (ch) (h) |
| 6. B to Q 2 | Castles | 27. R to K 3 (i) | B takes R |
| 7. Castles Q R | P to B 3 (b) | 28. P takes B | Kt to B 3 |
| 8. P to K Kt 2 | P to Q 4 | 29. P to K 4 (k) | B to K 3 |
| 9. P to Kt 5 | P takes Kt P | 30. B takes P | B takes P |
| 10. Q B takes P | Q to K 3 (c) | 31. P to Q 4 | R to B sq |
| 11. B to Kt 3 | Kt to K 3 (d) | 32. K to K 3 | Kt to R 4 |
| 12. Q R to Kt sq | B to K 2 | 33. R to R sq | Kt to B 6 (ch) |
| 13. P to K R 4 | Kt to B 5 | 34. K to K 2 | B to Kt 6 |
| 14. B takes Kt | P takes B | 35. R takes P | R to B 2 |
| 15. Kt to Kt 5 | Q to Q 3 (e) | 36. P to K 5 | Kt takes Kt P |
| 16. Q to R 5 | Q to R 3 (f) | 37. R takes P | R takes R |
| 17. Q takes Q | P takes Q | 38. B takes R | K to Kt 3 |
| 18. Kt to K 6 (dis.ch) | K to R 2 | 39. K to K 3 | K to R 4 (i) |
| 19. Kt takes R (ch) | B takes Kt | 40. P to Q 5 | K takes P |
| 20. P takes P | P to K B 4 (g) | 41. P to Q 6 | B to K 3 |
| 21. P takes P | Kt takes P | 42. B to Q 5 (m) and Black resigned. | |

(a) Best; had he played Kt to B 3, Black would have advanced P to Q Kt 4, and if White took it, then B takes B P (ch) would have prevented White from getting a good opening.
(b) P to Q 3 would have been much better.
(c) The Queen is badly posted here; but had he played her to Q 3, White could have won a pawn—thus:—

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| WHITE.
(Mr. Macdonnell.) | BLACK.
(Mr. B.) |
| 11. B takes Kt | Q takes B |
| 12. P takes P. | |
- (d) Black ought to have thrown caution "to the dogs," and made the K B tremble for his safety, by P to R 4.
(e) Capturing the Kt with B would have exposed his King at once to a fierce attack.
(f) Q to Kt 3 was, obviously his best move.
(g) Very well played.
(h) The position here is very interesting and critical since he lost the exchange. Black has displayed great judgment in the shaping of his game, and he now threatens to administer a very pretty mate, thus:—

- | | |
|-----------------------------|--------------------|
| WHITE.
(Mr. Macdonnell.) | BLACK.
(Mr. B.) |
| 27. K to Q sq | B takes P |
| 28. P takes Kt | B to B 7 |
- (i) His only resource.
(k) Much better than capturing the pawn at once; the King will now find comfortable quarters at K 3.
(l) Eagerly desiring to promote his own Pawn, this King exhibits a contempt for his opponent's Pawns which neither their position nor their antecedents justified. He ought to have hastened to oppose their onrush.
(m) Merciful.

CHESS CHAT.

THE thirteenth game in the match between Messrs. Mason and Potter was commenced at the Divan on last Saturday, and finished at the City Club on the following Monday; it was won by Mr. Mason, and so each player has now scored three games, seven

having been drawn. The fourteenth game is not yet finished. The position, which is very complicated and critical, is considered to be slightly in favour of the American. I understand the contest is not to be prolonged beyond the twenty-second game, the champions having agreed to rest content with divided honours, if, at that period, neither has made the score required for victory.

I referred last week to a friendly fight which had been fought at the Divan, and finished in about ten days, between Messrs. Bird and Blackburne, in which the latter was victorious. I called the second contest a little match, but I am told that I was wrong in so designating it, inasmuch as it was only "a small private affair." Well, what's in a name? so let it be called as desired; albeit, it was played in a public room, and was got up as a special test of strength by the admirers of the respective masters. In justice to Mr. Bird, I must state that there was no time limit, and the non-use of it was undoubtedly favourable to Mr. Blackburne, who generally consumes about twice as much time in a match game as Mr. Bird does—not because he is less quick of preception, but because he is deeper in combination.

I must now make a few remarks upon the statements respecting the Lowenthal City Tourney which have been published in a contemporary. Therein the writer says that Mr. Bird secured the first prize owing to two of the competitors having drawn a game, and thus made their score 1½ each. "Secured" is a good phrase, but yet it is not happy. Seems it not here to imply that but for that draw and that mystic score of 1½ each the committee in whose hand the prize fund was lodged would not have declared Mr. Bird the victor, nor have apportioned to him the money to which he was entitled? This writer then proceeds thus:—"Macdonnell, who had been beaten by Bird and Blackburne had (!) made the lowest score, and was therefore thrown out." This is a half truth, and that Mr. Tennyson says is the greatest of all—well, untruths. The fact of Mr. Macdonnell having beaten one of the three prize winners is carefully ignored, but his being thrown out (of the window?) is redundantly announced. I remember the castigation which Mr. Macdonnell inflicted about two years ago upon this critic, and I think somebody else remembers it too; but, unhappily, he has not profited by it. On that memorable occasion the critic acknowledged that he had acted "contrary to his principles," or rather what he calls his principles; but on the present occasion he seems to have fully acted up to them, for indubitably fairness forms no portion of them.

MARS.

THE LATE CHARLES ALBERT FECHTER.

A TELEGRAM from New York, dated August 4, announces the death of the celebrated actor, Mr. C. A. Fechter, whose career dawned in Paris, developed in Italy and Germany, culminated in this country, and has now closed in America.

Mr. Fechter was born in London, at Hanway-yard, Oxford-street, in 1823; his father was a German, and his mother an Englishwoman. When very young he accompanied his parents to France, and was there educated. Although intended for a sculptor, he soon displayed a passion for the stage, and to gratify it he made his debut at the Salle Molière, in *Le Mari de la Femme*, spent some weeks at the Conservatoire, and enrolled himself in a troupe that made the round of Italy. On his return he again applied himself to sculpture, which has continued to be the favourite occupation of his leisure. His first decided success was made on the French stage, when he played Duval in *La Dame aux Camélias*. He made his first appearance in this country at the St. James's Theatre as a French actor, and soon after, on Saturday, October 27, 1860, he made his debut as an actor in English (with a decided French accent) at the Princess's Theatre as Ruy Blas in the play of that name, freely translated from the French by Mr. Edmund Falconer. He was eminently successful. He was equally successful as Don Cesar de Bazan at the same house. But it was in March, 1861, at the Princess's Theatre, that he won his great popularity on the English stage by his artistic impersonation of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. He appeared as Othello, but with less success, at the same theatre in 1861. He became lessee of the Lyceum in 1863, and was most successful in the opening pieces, *The Duke's Motto*, *Bel Demonio*, *The King's Butterfly*, *The Watch Cry*, *The Master of Ravenswood*, and other successful pieces, including *The Roadside Inn*, in most of which he played the principal characters. At the commencement of 1870 he went to the United States, where he achieved a decided success as an actor. He has, however, been in feeble health for some time past.

NINE fine salmon, caught by the Princess Louise, were landed at Liverpool the other day, sent from the steamer "Sarmatian," and forwarded respectively to her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke of Connaught, Prince Christian, Lady Suffield, Lady Mitford, the Hon. Mrs. Macnamara, and Mrs. Ralli.

SEVEN pigeons belonging to the London Columbian Society were despatched from near Penzance at 6.16 a.m. on Monday. The first arrived in London at 11.40 a.m., having accomplished a distance of nearly 330 miles in 5h 24min. The second and third birds were 11min and 25min later.—At 7.5 a.m. four pigeons belonging to the Hawk and Pigeon Society, London, were despatched from the same place, and the first arrived in London at 12.5, the time occupied being five hours; the second and third birds were 3min and 15min later.

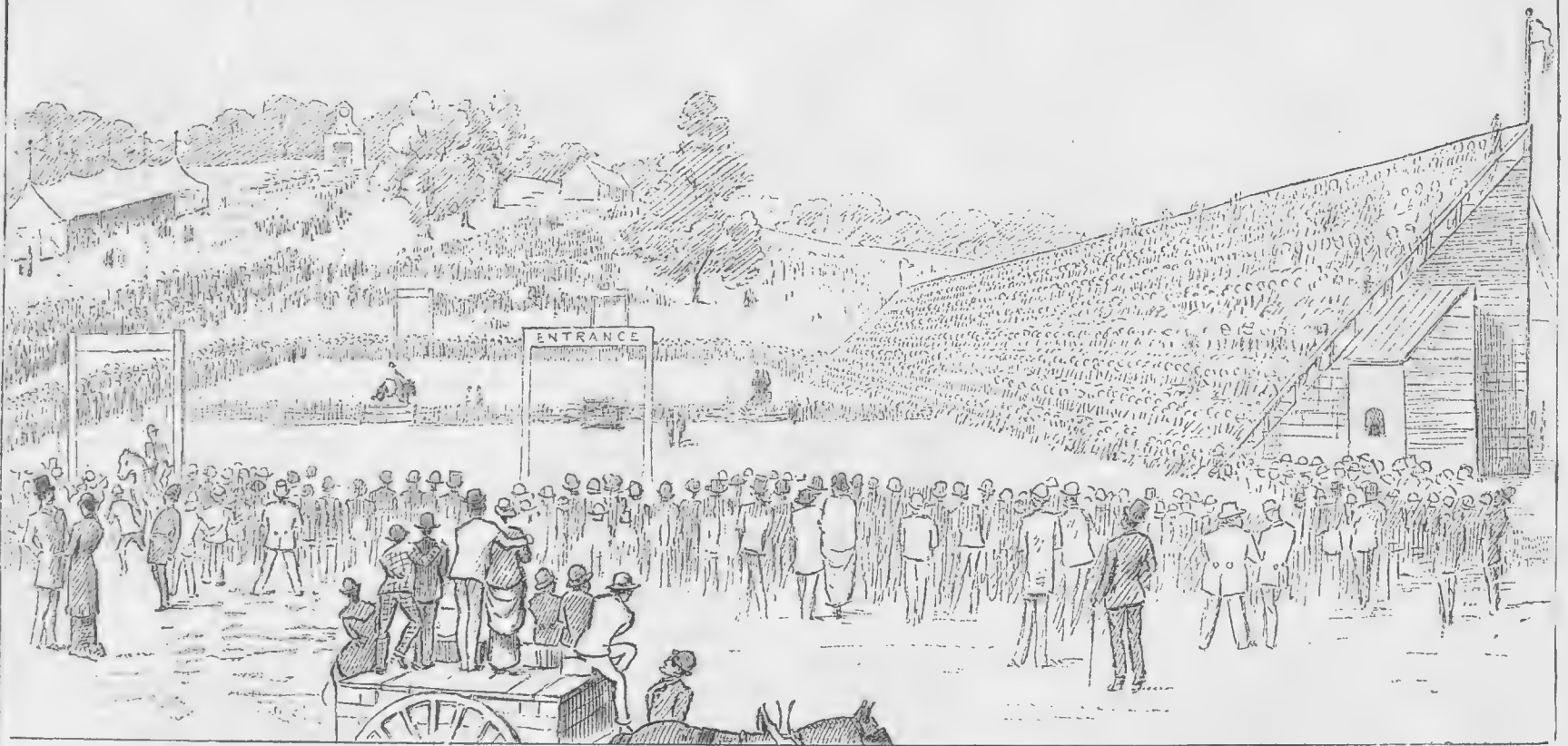
THE sixth annual race for the captaincy of the Cygnus Swimming Club, Camberwell, took place at Walton-on-Thames on Monday, the distance being one mile. Eight competitors started from a punt moored near Walton Bridge, and G. Spong (who took the second prize in the recent five-and-a-half miles Lords and Commons race in the Thames) at once secured the lead, which he maintained to the finish.

THE great topic of conversation at the hotels at Rye Beach, writes a correspondent, is the engagement of Miss Sarah Brown, a beautiful young Pennsylvanian, and an heiress, as well, to Mr. Robert G. Miller, the son of a Rye Beach fisherman, and himself nothing more than a skipper of one of the hotel yachts which are rented for excursions by hotel guests. The story goes that the fisherman saved the young lady's life on two different occasions, and now she is going to make him her protector for the remainder of her existence.

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ROBERT EUDE, A STORY OF THE MIDDLE AGES IN ENGLAND.

By A. H. WALL.

PART THREE.

CHAPTER VI.

How long shall fortune fail me now,
And harrow me with fear and dread?
How long shall I in bale abide,
In misery my life to lead?

Old Ballad.

ANXIOUS to reach some spot remote and secret enough to promise safe hiding before proclamation of outlawry should be made against him, Robin rode rapidly through the gathering gloom down into the misty valley, and thence into the solemn darkness of the woods.

Hardy, the chief warder, passed out over the drawbridge to watch him as he went, and came back wondering what errand had sent Squire Eude away, armed, and in such hot haste. He was again surprised when the Provost of the Pages, with half-a-dozen mounted archers also came out, and taking the road for Burton went clattering on their way.

"What's a-foot now?" muttered he. "Both looked as sad and grave as followers of the dead. Eude rarely looks so. What's about, I wonder?"

And so, wondering and self-questioning, Hardy called his men to raise the drawbridge, lower the portcullis, and close the gates for the night, before he went into the outer tower, where he slept, still wondering, still vainly questioning.

Oaks of ancient growth mingled with ash and elm to enshroud with darkness the steep, rocky, and at times almost precipitous descent down which, with ready hand, listening ear, and watchful eye, the fugitive Squire more slowly rode. He heard beneath him the voice of the river flowing murmuringly under wood-crowned cliffs along the verdant dell into which he was descending. When he reached its banks the moon was up, large and red, touching the forest boughs with sparks and flakes of lurid fire. Then increasing his speed once more he fled—

Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through brier,

now walking in darkness so thick that he could scarce see the horse's head, now galloping in the cold grey moonlight through some open glade, or dismounted and again in black darkness, forcing a way for his horse through thick undergrowth and tangled bushes. Once or twice, when the way was easy and he had relapsed into mournful thought, the harsh scream of the owl startled him, and brought to mind stories of horrible outrages and cruelties inflicted upon unlucky men and women by fiends or fiendish men in lonely wastes and woods, making him put up a silent prayer for safety and mark himself devoutly with that potent sign, the Cross.

Farther and farther went Robin into the tangled and thorny depths, his progress constantly becoming more difficult and slow. Stags rose up suddenly in the darkness close beside him, and went crashing and leaping through the thicket; plovers and pheasants whirled upward from his very feet as he disturbed them; and now and then he startled wild things more terrible—the wolf and boar. Stumbling amongst the tangled roots below, and stooping to avoid low intertwining branches above, he still went on. Once or twice he paused to listen to sounds made by the mournful wind wandering amongst the trees, sometimes resembling the distant voices of pursuers, sometimes a low wailing as of women and children in distress. More than once or twice he shrank aside from sharp, quick noises, like the hissing of deadly shafts, made by the sweeping passage of wild animals through the tall grass; for the woods were almost as full of savage men as of savage beasts.

It was midnight when Robin paused in the moonlight of an open glade under the twinkling stars to select amongst the long grass and great mounds of ferns a sleeping place for himself and horse. There he made his couch, tethered his steed, and ate his supper. Kneeling, he put up a fervent prayer to the Virgin for her intercession with the All-Father, and so stretching himself out, slept in his armour with his cloak about his head, as soundly as he had ever slept in his life.

When Robin awoke, although the sun was up, and he looked through the interlacing boughs into a quiet sky radiant with golden glory, the wind was piercingly cold, and he shivered in every limb. His glance, tracing the gentle slope of the green sward downward to where a river reflected in its ruffled surface towering trees and cloudless atmosphere, suggested a morning bath, which straightway he enjoyed, coming out with his hard, white, smooth limbs in a glow of delicious warmth. Putting aside his conical steel helmet and shirt of mail, he resumed hose, cloak, and doublet, knelt to his prayers, and then, merrily humming a matin song, partook of his frugal breakfast of bread and water, some mossy roots serving for chair and table.

"The sun shines; 'tis a cheering sign," said Robin to himself. "I wonder what they are saying of me in Tutbury this morning—pitying me, perhaps."

There was something so amusing in this idea that he laughed aloud.

There was an echo which laughed back at him, not in mockery, but in cheerful sympathy, and Robin sang to it fearlessly with a rollicking chorus of "Down, down, down, derry down," which the echo sent as merrily back. They were the best of good companions.

Those early risers the rooks went cawing away from their wicker-castles in the lofty elm boughs, and Robin watched their flight with smiling eyes. Anon an enemy of theirs, a sombre, deadly raven, hopping impudently out of his cavern in the

thicket's gloom, perched on a stone not far away, tail towards the young man, keen eye on the watch, beak sharp and ready for a fierce plunge at his eyes. Robin thoughtlessly threw him a piece of the precious loaf, remembering how ravens fed God's prophet in the wilderness, and the bird sailed off with a harsh, ominous croak. Listening to his voice far away up in the blue air, the fugitive squire remembered with a sigh how it was said that the ravens saw the ghastliness of coming death in hale men's faces when their doom was nigh.

That thought was but a passing cloud, and breakfast over, the merry duet between Robin and the echo was once more loud and merry. The dread of outcast loneliness and the deep despair of the previous night had vanished with its gloom, and there was little akin in his gay voice and appearance to the idea of a miserable wretch driven from the haunts of men into caves and thickets with a price upon his head, or even that of one anticipating so dread a fate.

He arose from his hearty repast, full of life, energy, and strength, the beau-ideal of a young Englishman, fearless in danger, quietly confident although depending solely on himself, looking evil threatenings calmly in the face, watchful, bold, and resolute, with a heart as light as the vapours of a summer morning after sunrise. Vigorously erect, chest thrown out, nostrils dilated, a smile hovering about eye and lip, sword by side, bow in hand, a picture full of meaning, the finest blood in Christendom in his veins, the noblest love of chivalry in his heart, and yet thanks to the evil working of evil laws, an outcast.

Squire Gamwell's parting gift was neither forgotten nor neglected. Although not much to look at, a steed renowned for strength, temper, courage, speed, and sagacity, was good Grey Joan. Of Irish birth, and trained in Wales, faithful as a dog, leaping as if she had wings on her hoofs, no one knew better than its late owner how precious such a mount might be to one in Robert Eude's position. Once more in his armour and saddle, spear erect, and bow at back, Robin galloped up the slope, horse and rider full of buoyant exhilaration, hoofs beating the springy turf as lightly as the beat of Robin's daring heart; and so he went his way into outlawry.

In the meantime all Tutbury was astir with the news of Robert Eude's terrible feat and sudden flight. In town and castle nothing else was talked of, and the King's purveyors being in the former, carried the story with them to Nottingham, Stafford, and Derby, from each of which places it spread in a circle like ripples in the river round fallen stones, enlarging as they went.

Earl Ferrers at once issued instructions for summoning a county court in the castle's great hall, his messengers riding out to the surrounding farms and manors, commanding freeholders and knights to appear therein upon a certain day, when twelve of the latter were to serve as a jury, or grand assize. He also sent sealed letters to the chief justiciary and others to the king in Normandy; for the news of Henry the Second's death had not then reached England.

And wherever the story spread, however partial, exaggerated, or distorted it might be in the telling, the people's sympathies were not with the slain, but the slayer. For all over the land the officers of the royal household were most unpopular, so common and obnoxious was their abuse of the power entrusted to them on the king's behalf, without check or hindrance. With what intolerably high-handed and rapacious tyranny the king's foresters were wont to exercise their privileges has already been partially shown, and all men knew how hopeless protest and interference were unless supported by might, such as Squire Eude had exercised. Alas! these dogs in authority fairly represented the evils of despotism, and were essential to its existence, and all men knew that there was nothing so vile or wicked in the long catalogue of crimes against man or God more severely regarded by their monarch than was that which, driven by an inexorable fate, this light-hearted Squire had so suddenly committed.

On that same morning there came riding along a lonely road, nearly overgrown with coarse rye-grass and tall weeds, where heavy wains had left their rugged marks, and hoofs of cattle deep impressions, came a tall powerful warrior on a great black Flemish horse, with a goodly following of knights, archers, and men-at-arms guarding a lady's horse-litter. The neglected way sloped gently down from the woody uplands to where stood the ruins of a castle, one of those dismantled and left in ruins after the death of Stephen, once a robber-stronghold, the terror of the surrounding country. The knight turned to one who rode beside him, and pointing out the ruins, said:—

"A place of villainous remembrances, Sir Ranulph. By'r lady, an ugly recollection! What store of plate, rich vestments, and murdered merchant's costly goods were once within those heaps of grass-grown stones! What crosses of gold and silver, spoil of broken shrines, and desecrated altars were jolted over these accursed rocks to yon grim smoke-blackened gateway! What devilish revelry, what shrieks and groans, and vain cries for mercy those stones have heard! God shield merry England from a return of Stephen's days!"

"I have heard thereof, methinks," replied Randolph; "was this not the castle which one Boet, Richer de L'Aigle's archer, erected?"

"Aye, a slayer of monks and women, a burner of sacred houses and unprotected villages, a violator of women. Gilbert of Clare, my ancestor, was his destroyer."

"I remember, I remember. They were veriest fiends. One might almost worship the fire which brought down such a den of thieves and murderers."

"Yet were they brave men, as Stephen knew, when he hired them—men who for pay and plunder would have stormed the very gates of hell."

"So they rode past, the keen wind whistling amongst them as they went and bearing the clash and jingle of their arms so far and wide that Robert Eude, catching faintly the distant sounds, whispered to himself, 'At last, the hunt is up,' and dismounting from his steed led it into a rugged gully, overgrown with bramble and fern, descending suddenly in a direction farthest from that whence the sounds proceeded. Little thought William

Earl of Preaux, the rider of that great black Flemish war-horse, as he pricked it into a swifter pace, that every stride increased rather than diminished the distance between himself and the beloved son upon whose dear face his heart was yearning to look.

It has been said that civilisation can never quite destroy that dash of savage nature which is natural to man and finds its outlet even now in a never-to-be-extinguished yearning for forest life and freedom, as expressed in love of the chase. Robin's bow was not idle while he was hiding in the wood. He fed the best and had delight in thus winning his meals, fish, flesh, or fowl. But, alas! he had eaten the whole of his great brown loaf, and as yet he dared not seek another.

Some days passed. There was rust upon his mail, and his beard was growing. Not a single human face had he seen since he bade Hardy, the warder, adieu at Tutbury, and heard his hearty "God-speed." The dead leaves which rustled at his steps became the melancholy echoes of melancholy thoughts.

Then came wet and dreary weather with all its gloomy influences, and one wild evening as Robin strode through the rapidly darkening paths of Arden, listening to the sighing and moaning of the wind, thinking that any risk would be better than a continuance of this dull, selfish life, it struck him that every path and thicket and giant tree looked at him familiarly. Every now and then pushing aside his wet hair and brushing the rain-drops from his eyelashes, he saw something having a friendly and pleasant aspect. And suddenly a truth flashed upon him "I am near Loxley." And near Loxley he was.

Presently he was startled by a sound belonging neither to wind nor rain. It came from a dark recess in the undergrowth, where someone was sobbing and crying in the cold and wet.

"Who's there?" he asked, pulling apart the intertwining branches and pushing the weeds aside.

The sobbing ceased, and in its place was heard the wailing of an infant.

"Who's there?" he cried again.

And again there was no reply.

Robin was about to force his way into the hollow when he received a sharp blow over the shin, and plunging forward drew out by his long matted hair a scowling boy of some nine or ten years fierce of eye and gripping in his thin brown hand a ragged stick, a veritable little savage.

For a second the man and boy eyed each other, Robin amused to see an air of defiance so intensely fierce upon so young a face, the boy with the ferocity of a caged tiger. But pity softened the squire's curious gaze when he saw that under the child's dirty rags the body was little more than a skeleton.

Before either could speak, there came from the same wild hiding a tall, gaunt, half-naked woman, clasping an infant to her breast. And Robin saw at a glance that the baby was dying. With her disengaged hand she clutched at the boy's rags and tore them from him, ere Robin seeing her purpose let the little savage go, saying in the English tongue:—

"Take your boy, dame; you have nothing to fear from me. The saints be thanked, I never yet harmed child or woman."

She was retreating without a word to her lair when the tone of Robin's voice, rather than the words he uttered, arrested her steps. She made an effort to speak, but her emotion was too great; she could only lay the dying child submissively at his feet, and lift her bloodshot eyes and bony hands imploringly to his face.

"Starving?" asked Robin, looking down.

"Starving," sobbed the woman.

"But why are you so far from castle or cottage, or monkish hostelry, on so wild an evening? The very dogs are housed and warm, good mother. Why are your children here? Is it long since you were lost? You should not stray so far from tracks and paths which are intricate enough even to old foresters who know them best. You are lost, are you not?"

There was a world of bitter meaning in the woman's hoarse response:—

"Lost, lost, indeed!"

Robin looked tearfully upon her haggard, white face and hollow, bloodshot eyes.

"Where would you go?" he asked in a low voice.

"God only knows," she answered, and burst into a fit of violent weeping and sobbing.

The boy, with his arms about her neck, sobbed and cried too. Robin took up the gasping baby, saying—

"I am familiar with these parts—where is your home?"

"This is my home!" shrieked the woman. "Here where the babe dies from exposure and want of food—where foxes hide and owls screech, where the wolf and raven are impatient for our bodies, and the sexton claims no fee."

"Who are you?"

"The descendant of a Thane. Go your way, good forester. I am no beggar wench to sue for broken bread and refuse food. Go your way, and leave us to our graveless doom."

"For shame! mother. Is this a Christian land? Are not the priests God's almoners?"

"And shall we poor wretches blush," added Robin, making a sign of the Cross, "to take from Him who gives to all all that they have?"

"We are the last of a great race. It is better we should die than suffer further degradation," said the woman, growing calmer.

"Come with me. I have stabled my horse in a cave close by. It is dry and warm, and there is food enough for all. 'Tis the Norman king's, not mine, and," added the outlaw with a smile, "an' you will be heartily welcome!"

(To be continued.—Commenced in No. 276.)

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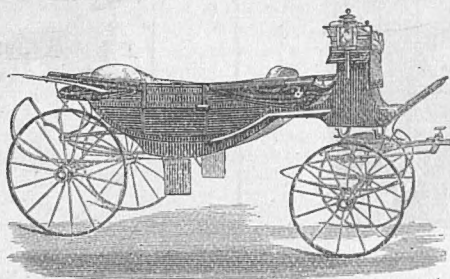
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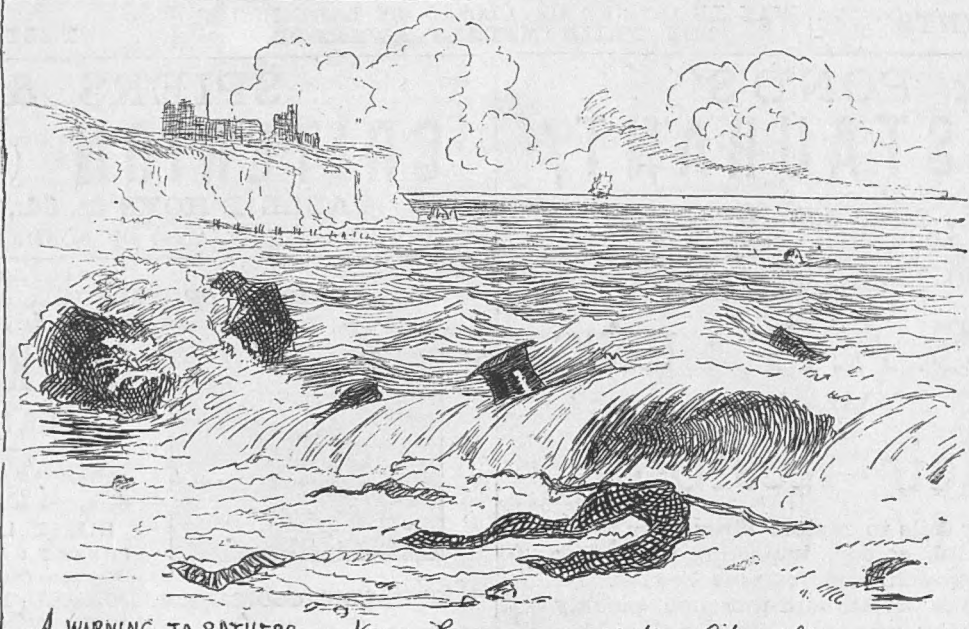


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